The Literary Digest

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 27, 1930

TOPICS OF THE DAY

What Is Back of the Republican Blow-Up in Spain

"READY!" "AIM!" "FIRE!"

And two leaders of the Jaca revolt in Spain, Captains Galan and Garcia Hernandez, fell before the rifles of the firing squad.

Their execution was the anticlimax of the uprising centering in Jaca, in the Pyrenees near the French border, which was crushed on December 13, the dispatches tell us, when Spanish soldiers fought Spanish soldiers with artillery, and machine guns, and hand-to-hand.

But the revolt did not die. It flamed higher and spread swiftly. Preceded by several weeks of strikes and general disorders, it broke out with renewed violence in many parts of the country.

The world is watching closely to see what will happen to the Spanish throne.

Dispatches say the revolt is "under control," but the causes of it are still there, and many expect to see more outbreaks, which may or may not be handled as successfully.

In Madrid, a tall, tanned, active man, "who looks and is iron hard and fit, without an ounce of superfluous flesh on his spare frame," waited to hear if this was the end of his reign. King Alfonso, "'the last of the Bourbons,' as he is called by antagonists and supporters alike," according to Albin E. Johnson, Madrid correspondent of the New York *World*, has been "all packed up and ready to go" for some months. But, Mr. Johnson adds, he has left "enough of his wardrobe unpacked so that he will not be inconvenienced as long as he remains."

ALFONSO likes being King, it seems, and a revolt or two may mean little to him so long as the army, or the bulk of it, remains loyal. Despite the turmoil sweeping his land, one pictures him as not deeply concerned over his fate as he recalls how many times he has encountered violence and survived. He treasures a queer collection of mementoes, as THE DIGEST noted in its March 15 issue, quoting an article by C. Patrick Thompson in the New York *Herald Tribune* Magazine:

"A stone on which he once cracked his head in a fall; the rusty knife with which the assassin tried to stab him as a boy; the skeleton of the horse killed by the bomb hurled at him as he drove with President Loubet in state through bedecked Paris in 1905; the poisoned feeding bottle through which he nearly sucked death before he was a year old; fragments of the steel bomb thrown at him and his bride just after their marriage twenty-four years ago in Madrid (the young Queen reached the palace with her white satin wedding shoes splashed with the blood of the killed and injured bystanders); the revolver which Sanchez Alegre fired repeatedly at him in the open street (Alfonso saved himself by spurring his horse on the assassin and riding him down with a shout)."

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All Ready to Start

King Alfonso of Spain, called by friends and foes "the last of the Bourbons."

FOR glimpses of some of the most important of the recent events in Spain, we borrow from the news dispatches, quoting first the Madrid correspondent of the New York *Times* on the Jaca uprising:

"For the first time in forty-four years Spanish soldiers fought Spanish soldiers this morning in a pitched battle. With artillery, machine guns and hand-to-hand fighting, the battle took place around Ayerbe, in a mountain pass in the Pyrenees fifty miles from Jaca, the center of the revolt, and twenty miles from Huesca, near the town of Esguva.

"According to official reports, the Government drove the rebels back, capturing 100 of them, including four officers, as well as machine guns, wagons and stores.

"Late to-night the entire rebellion collapsed when the government troops entered Jaca without resistance and took the garrison of 500 officers and men prisoners."

BUT two days later, after the execution of two of the Jaca revolt leaders, came the daring attempt by Major Ramon Franco, famous airman who had escaped from prison, to overthrow the Government. Again quoting *The Times:*

"Premier Berenguer smashed a new republican movement just before noon to-day and proclaimed martial law throughout Spain after 500 aviation officers and enlisted men, led by Major Ramon Franco, transatlantic flyer, and a companion who escaped prison with him, revolted at Cuatro Vientos (Four Winds) military airport near Madrid, and flooded the capital with revolutionary leaflets.

"The field guns of the government troops ended the local phase of the revolt."

When the artillery, upon which they had depended for support, turned against them, Franco and his co-leaders flew into Portugal, chased to the border by a squadron of government planes.

On the same day, according to the Associated Press—

"Alcala Zamora, famous republican chieftain, was proclaimed

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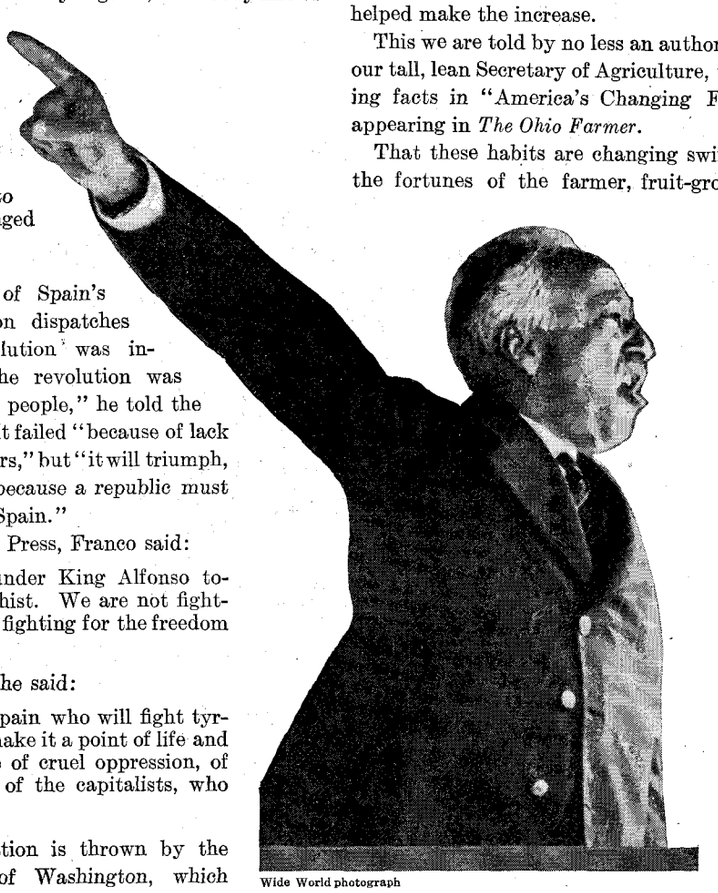
President of the Spanish Republic by the revolutionists in Bilbao, the large industrial city of the north."

Next came word that the Government had mobilized 75,000 troops and reinforced them with civil guards, which were patroling many of the larger cities, and an uncensored dispatch from Barcelona to the New York *World* said:

"There are revolutionary uprisings and local mutinies among troops in all parts of Spain. So far the Government has them in hand, but the menace to the monarchy is great, as nobody knows how loyal the government troops are.

"The state of siege which exists throughout King Alfonso's realm is, in fact, a measure of doubtful efficacy, as it has increased the power of the Army, the loyalty of which has not yet been put to the proof in the face of prolonged general strikes."



Wide World photograph

President of Spain—If

And when King Alfonso is forced to abdicate—Alcala Zamora, Republican chieftain.

SEARCHING out the causes of Spain's upheaval, we learn from Lisbon dispatches that Franco denies the revolution was inspired by Communists. "The revolution was purely military, backed by the people," he told the United Press correspondent. It failed "because of lack of collaboration among its leaders," but "it will triumph, possibly within two months, because a republic must be proclaimed for the good of Spain."

As quoted by the Associated Press, Franco said:

"If Spain could be free under King Alfonso tomorrow, I would be a monarchist. We are not fighting against the King. We are fighting for the freedom of Spain."

Later in the same interview he said:

"I am not the only one in Spain who will fight tyranny. There are others who make it a point of life and death to rid the Spanish people of cruel oppression, of the aristocracy, of the clergy, of the capitalists, who ride the nation now."

FURTHER light on the situation is thrown by the Editorial Research Reports, of Washington, which tell us:

"The current revolutionary outbreak in Spain, like the recent revolutions in Spanish-American countries, seems to have been occasioned primarily by economic distress.

"It is significant that the present disturbances have centered around the Army. It virtually constitutes a caste, partly amalgamated with the nobility, partly dominating it. For all practical purposes, the Army has been the ruling force in Spain since Napoleonic days.

"It was with the support of the Army that Primo de Rivera established his dictatorship in 1923.

"It was with the support of the Army that General Berenguer deposed Rivera last January.

"At that time, Berenguer announced that he would reestablish civil government within sixty days. In 1923, Rivera had announced that civil government would be reestablished within ninety days.

"The Spanish National Assembly, which was convoked in 1927 for a three-year term, is only consultative, not legislative, mostly selected, not elected. The Constitution which it has drafted has not yet been put into effect, and the national elections, which were due last fall, have been repeatedly postponed.

"If the present movement against the Spanish Government represents in fact only a 'Palace revolt,' the republican forces in Spain may well be found to remain aloof from it. These forces are recruited not only from professional classes, but also from the university students, who seem, as in 1848, to be in the vanguard of revolutions in many parts of the world.

"In addition to the republican agitation in Spain, there is a distinct strength in the Communist and the syndicalist movements among the Basques and the Catalans in the northeast."

Our Changing Food Habits

SPINACH-CONSCIOUS AMERICA WILL BEAM, or shudder, to hear that that ubiquitous vegetable is doing nicely, thank you, by jumping its national rate of consumption.

During 1922-1927, when spinach really began hitting its stride, we ate probably 15 per cent. more vegetables than in the preceding fifteen years. Celery, carrots, lettuce, and snap-beans helped make the increase.

This we are told by no less an authority than Arthur M. Hyde, our tall, lean Secretary of Agriculture, who reveals some interesting facts in "America's Changing Food Habits," an article appearing in *The Ohio Farmer*.

That these habits are changing swiftly, thus vitally affecting the fortunes of the farmer, fruit-grower, and truck gardener, is proved by the statistics he marshals.

But before dipping into this article, let us pause to note that *The Rural New Yorker*, quoting government statistics, gives us the interesting information that "our annual consumption of food per capita is 2,049 pounds." On the average, it adds, "a man weighing 170 pounds eats his weight in food every month."

AND now Secretary Hyde, after pointing out that "events of the last thirty years—and particularly the last ten years—must convince any one that, despite the limitations of the human stomach, the demand for and consumption of food undergo wide variations," tells us how this variability of ours has hurt the wheat farmer:

"Wheat flour, thirty years ago, was consumed at the rate of 224 pounds per capita by the people of the United States. Steadily the consumption has declined, until the yearly average for the years 1922-27 was 176 pounds per capita.

"The sharpest decline occurred during the war years. Consumption per capita then, under impetus of the need for conservation, dropt from 203 to 176 pounds. The war is over, and the necessity for conserving wheat has passed, but the low figure of 176 pounds continues.

"Were per capita consumption what it was thirty years ago, the people of the United States would now be eating the equivalent of 148 million bushels more than they do. And 148 million bushels is about eighteen per cent. of our present wheat production."

SUGAR, on the other hand, shows a tremendous jump—from sixty-eight pounds per capita in 1900 to 109 pounds. Pork and dairy products also have climbed. To quote Mr. Hyde's summary:

"The average American to-day is eating more pork and veal, less beef and lamb; more dairy products, vegetables and sugar, less wheat, rye, corn, and barley.

"For the cereals, we have substituted sugar and vegetable and dairy products.

"Not only do we eat more of one thing and less of another, but we also, in all probability, eat less in total."

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Cuba's Volcano Seething

CUBA'S UNREST BOILS HIGHER and hotter.

Riots, bombings, killings torment the island.

Up goes a tremendous demand for the resignation of President Machado.

Down comes martial law as the answer, clapped on by Machado as he ridicules the thought of resigning.

Students, aided by business and professional men, are leading the fight to force the President out. They call him a dictator, a despot.

"Sedition," retorts the Government; and "the social order must be given protection so that business and the tourist season may enjoy normal development."

From Washington come rumors that the United States may intervene, but they seem to be rather nebulous.

"The Pearl of the Antilles," besides its political bedevilment, is suffering from acute economic depression, attributed to the demoralization of the market for sugar, its chief crop.

Telling how President Machado, a fortnight ago, suspended constitutional guaranties throughout the whole of Cuba, a Havana dispatch of the Associated Press says:

"This is tantamount to martial law, and is similar to the suspension decreed in Havana and environs which ended last month. Both were authorized by Congress after much debate, but whereas the first decree was confined to the capital, and for only twenty days, the suspension invoked to-day will run for sixty days over the entire island. . . .

"Altho the military was not ordered out, some of the most vital rights enjoyed by Cubans under their Constitution were taken away. The privileges of free speech, free press, assembly, and habeas corpus are among those which Cuba is destined not to enjoy again until after February 8, 1931. . . .

"The latest developments climax a summer of unrest in Cuba, with disorders and demonstrations growing since the Congressional elections of last month. Hundreds of students, who are prime movers in all disturbances, have been arrested in various parts of the island.

"In the past two days one youth was killed in Sagua la Grande in a fight with police, and six others were wounded; students battled against police in Havana; the rural guard and youths enrolled at the Camaguey Normal School clashed, with the result that the school was closed to-day; at Matanzas there was a bomb explosion; three bombs were discovered in the Provincial Institute at Santa Clara; at Guantanamo students bombarded the Catholic school with tomatoes when its faculty refused to close the institution, and numerous minor disorders were reported."

The Lid's Been Bobbin' for Some Time

—Duffy in the Baltimore "Sun."

THE declaration of suspension of guaranties, says the dispatch, "seemed to exercise an immediate pacifying effect."

The next development was the dismissal by Presidential decree of forty professors at the Provincial Institute, who were charged with encouraging sedition among students.

Censorship of communications within Cuba was maintained, but the Director of Telegrams "said the Government was making no effort to control commercial cable messages coming in or going out of Cuba."

The attitude of the American Government was made clear in a Washington dispatch to the New York *Times*, which said:

"Secretary of State Stimson reiterated what he has said in recent months, that the United States does not intend to interfere in Cuban domestic affairs.

"There has been no change in American policy toward Cuba, he said.

"That policy, he explained, was governed by the Platt Amendment, which has been interpreted consistently as first defined by Elihu Root thirty years ago. This definition is that the United States will not intervene in domestic political events in Cuba, and that it will not take sides in partizan political developments there.

"This country, as it has observed the Platt Amendment, can be expected, moreover, to consider intervening only if the island republic should be left without a government and with conditions bordering upon anarchy had to be met."

FOR the background of the Cuban situation, we borrow from an editorial in the Providence *Journal:*

"The present unrest centers in President Gerardo Machado y Morales, or President Machado, as he is usually known. He succeeded President Zayas, a much-troubled executive, in 1925, at which time the Constitution provided for a four-year term.

"Machado declared, on assuming office, that 'no power on earth' would persuade him to retain the Presidency 'one single day longer' than his first term, but in 1927 Congress changed the island's fundamental law so as to increase the executive tenure to six years, and in 1928 Machado was again a candidate for election, this time with the Government very securely under his influence, and with the official ballot containing no rival's name.

"In such circumstances, of course, the outcome of the election was perfectly assured. He was inaugurated for his second term a year ago last May, and since that time there have been intermittent reports of dissatisfaction, becoming now and again acute."

What Do You Know About That?

Test your knowledge by the questions below. If you can not answer them, turn to the pages indicated. Each one counts 5.

1. Is December 25 the birthday of Christ? (p. 17).
2. What is alcotate? (p. 8).
3. Of what was the Coliseum built? (p. 22).
4. Do clouds burst in a "cloudburst"? (p. 23).
5. When did Conan Doyle play detective? (p. 26).
6. Can the Church learn from the Russian Soviets? (p. 18).
7. How many banks failed in ten months of 1930? (p. 7).
8. What railway vehicle calls at your house? (p. 23)
9. How do lightning calculators use memory? (p. 25).
10. What Cossack captain is now a chef? (p. 10).
11. What definition of relativity does Einstein like? (p. 29).
12. What is an "iron mule"? (p. 32).
13. Where has a snake supplanted Santa Claus? (p. 19).
14. Does Mrs. Einstein understand relativity? (p. 29).
15. Does a tornado leap? (p. 25).
16. Who was the last Corsican bandit? (p. 30).
17. What colleges does Sinclair Lewis approve? (p. 14).
18. Who is the "one-man fire department"? (p. 34).
19. Who are China's best hope for peace? (p. 11).
20. What country has war-proof gold vaults? (p. 12).

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No Eighteenth Amendment for Judge Clark

PROHIBITION AND NEW JERSEY give the nation a new celebrity.

Rises the youngest member of the Federal bench—not yet forty, tall, angular, scholarly, the heir to millions, and the war-time winner of a citation for gallantry, by name William Clark. And he calmly announces that the adoption of the Eighteenth Amendment is invalid. He argues that such a proposal as nation-wide Prohibition calls for the method of constitutional amendment by State conventions rather than by the optional method of ratification by State legislatures, which was used in the case of the Eighteenth and all other amendments to the Constitution.

And Judge Clark, of the Federal Court for the District of New Jersey, does this in no offhand manner, but in a long exhaustive opinion, filling twelve newspaper columns, all, in the words of the New York *Telegram*, "packed with legal lore, recondite allusions, and heightened by an extraordinary degree of ratiocination."

State officials in New Jersey, Prohibition enforcers, and others, say that the Clark decision will have no immediate practical effect, that there will be no let-up in enforcement activities.

The case involved is that of William Sprague and William J. Howey of New Jersey, indicted for the transportation and sale of liquor. It is one of two test cases being pushed by lawyers opposed to Prohibition. The Clark decision would quash the indictment if the case ended there, but it does not, since counsel for the Government will carry an appeal promptly and directly to the Supreme Court.

Keystone photograph

The Eighteenth Amendment Is Invalid

Decides Judge William Clark.

Whatever may be the final outcome, "Judge Clark has become a national celebrity," declares the Newark *Ledger* in his own State. The Trenton *State Gazette* declares that "supporters of the Amendment are now for the first time in the history of the experiment placed on the defensive in the courts." Still another New Jersey paper, the Atlantic City *Daily Press*, observes:

"Judge Clark may not be either a showman or a martyr, yet we do not see what one other thing he could have done, so well calculated to place him overnight in the spotlight of a nation, or to bring down on his head the maledictions of a vast horde of Anti-Saloon Leaguers, Boards of Temperance and Public Morals, and drys of all degrees and varieties of dusty aridity.

"Perchance it is not wise to tear up as yet the embossed card of that speak-easy where foams the high-powered lager, nor to throw away the telephone number of that suave gent who purveys rotten booze at ten times its worth."

AND the strongly anti-Prohibition New York *World* similarly opines that the chance of the Clark opinion being upheld by the Supreme Court is "as small as one in twenty million." Judge Clark's point may be valid, or it may not, says the New York *Evening Post*, yet it doubts "very much whether the Supreme Court is going to overset, on a theoretical and debatable point of law, an amendment which it has itself interpreted and bolstered in its decisions for the last ten years." So eminent a lawyer among Congressional wets as Representative James M. Beck of Pennsylvania sees "no inherent reason" why the Supreme Court should not reconsider its prior decisions, but he considers it, after all, "improbable that the Court would invalidate the Eighteenth Amendment at this late day."

The eminent lawyers whose contentions in this case were upheld by Judge Clark are naturally jubilant, one of them, former New York State Supreme Court Justice Daniel F. Cohalan, predicting that "it will help to restore the confidence of the people in their real government and thus help to reestablish respect for law and order."

Drys in Washington, according to a New York *World* correspondent, do not deny that the Clark decision may have some moral effect. But no such admission appears in statements by prominent drys. "It is a 'tom-tit' decision," "it's all tomfoolery," in the opinion of Senator Brookhart of Iowa. "It's only wet propaganda" to Mrs. D. L. Colvin, President of the New York State Women's Christian Temperance Union. The general counsel of the Anti-Saloon League of America declares it all an old story:

"The present contention was held unsound when first made, ten years ago. The Constitution is the same now as it was then. Congress has repeatedly enacted legislation dependent upon the validity of the amendment, all of which have been held constitutional against all attacks. The attempt to restore the legalized liquor traffic through short-circuiting the Eighteenth Amendment by court action will likely prove as futile as have similar efforts in the past."

IT is impossible to give in a brief summary any idea of the flavor of Judge Clark's lengthy and learned opinion, buttressed as it is with scores of citations of judicial decisions and hundreds of references to historians and political authorities. He starts right off by declaring that even if his opinion "meets with a cold reception in the appellate courts, we hope that it will at least have the effect of focusing the country's thought upon the neglected method of considering constitutional amendments in conventions." Then comes the appeal to history, to the intentions of the founding fathers, to the political ideals exprest in William Penn's Pennsylvania Charter, in the Mayflower Compact. The Judge proves, at least to his own satisfaction, that the Tenth Amendment reserving to the States or the people powers not specifically delegated to the Federal Government by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, calls for the convention method of ratification when such powers are transferred by a proposed amendment, because that comes closer to the people whose rights are affected than the optional ratification by State legislatures, laid down by Article V of the Constitution. He dismisses the idea that his arguments would necessarily apply to other amendments than the Eighteenth. And he comes to these definite conclusions:

"Our people reluctantly delegated to the United States certain powers of government whose exercise they had jealously guarded and previously permitted to the States alone. They also provided for two forms of approving any changes in the frame of government they had set up. The compulsory use of the heretofore untried method of approving or ratifying in conventions the transfer of additional powers from the States to the United States is consistent with both the history of our institutions and the principles of political science.

"We are quite willing to stand flatfootedly on our thesis that the scientific approach to this problem of government requires an approval and ratification of certain amendments by and in a convention, and that the language of Article V can be taken as modified by the principles of political science before stated.

"We hold the adoption of the 18th Amendment to be invalid."

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Why Banks Fail

WHY DO BANKS FAIL?

The question can not be avoided, now that a veritable epidemic of bank failures marks the closing months of this year 1930. And attempts to answer this question interest not only depositors with funds lost or tied up, but also every one is wondering how this new development will affect business recovery.

That 1930 will be a record year for bank failures is now generally admitted, in view of the fact that 740 banks with deposits of $312,000,000 had failed up to November first; that failures have been reported from sixteen States; that 124 banks in ten States failed during one November week; that 51 banks, including the oldest and largest in Kentucky, failed on one November day, and finally that one of the biggest bank suspensions on record took place in New York City. The 1926 record of 956 suspensions, involving $270,000,000 in deposits, is expected to fall when 1930 reports some 1,000 suspensions involving $750,000,000.

Why do banks fail?

Naturally answers differ, since local causes account for many of the suspensions.

Of course, as several writers point out, the depositors do not always lose their money, since suspended banks sometimes reopen or their liabilities are sometimes assumed by other banks through the merger process. And sometimes in liquidation enough is realized from assets to pay depositors in full.

That the general banking situation of the country is good in spite of these failures is asserted on every hand, and most emphatically by Federal and State banking officials. The failures will have little effect on the financial condition of the country as a whole, it is also agreed. Nevertheless, writes Jules I. Bogen in the New York *Journal of Commerce:*

"These bank failures tend to cripple the buying power and the ability to enjoy economic recovery of the territories affected.

"Funds are tied up, ordinary processes of production and consumption are slowed down, and the solvency of business enterprises is jeopardized, both by direct banking losses and inability of customers to pay debts and make purchases through the tying up of their liquid funds in closed banks."

The causes of the suspensions, continues this same writer, are not far to find:

"Agriculture, depression and drought, failures among local merchants and manufacturers, bad security loans, bad investments—all these factors are important. In addition the interconnection of financial interests through chain banking and control by investment banking firms has tended to tie up the funds of a number of the banks in pet schemes of the controlling interests, thus reducing the resources available for meeting emergency conditions."

WE may discard the usual conventional reasons assigned for bank failures, says H. Parker Willis, editor of *The Journal of Commerce*, "and go at once to the fact in the case, which is that these failures have been fundamentally due to overspeculation in stocks, real estate, and practically everything else." "A combination of bad banking, hard times, and frozen assets" is what J. C. Royle of the Consolidated Press hears in Washington.

Why do banks fail? Well, the Cincinnati *Times-Star*, in a city where several suspensions were avoided only by quick work on the part of strong banks, calls attention to "three major pitfalls in banking":

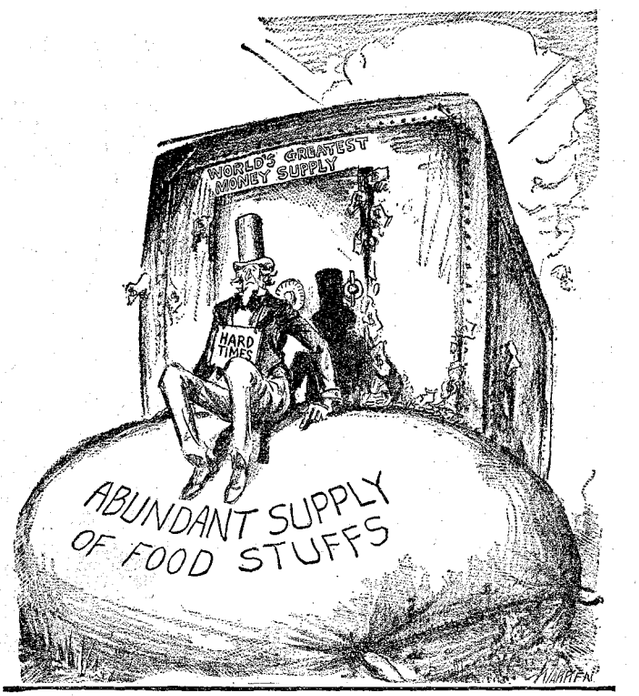
"One presents itself when the head of a bank becomes dissatisfied with his salary and the dividends from his bank stock, and tries to get rich quickly by speculating with its funds, or by making unwise or excessive loans in return for secret commissions.

"Another pitfall presents itself when a depositor demands more accommodation than he is entitled to; rather than see his account transferred to a competitor, the banker is tempted to accede.

"A third pitfall is to loan excessive amounts on mortgages to farmers or merchants, or on personal notes to some local industry.

"In the first of these three cases the banker is unduly influenced by his own acquisitive instincts, in the second by his desire to retain or increase the deposits of his institution, in the third by his zeal for the welfare of his neighbors and of the community. Only one may be morally culpable, but all three are wrong."

THE suspension of the Bank of United States brought this problem of bank failures home to the metropolitan financial



It's Hard to Believe

—Warren in the Cleveland "News."

community on the morning of December 11. This was the first suspension of a New York bank since the beginning of the present business depression. Here was a bank with sixty offices in New York City, with 400,000 depositors, and with deposits that had totaled more than $200,000,000, tho they had been reduced to about $160,000,000 when the bank closed its doors. The closing of an institution as large as this is bound to be disquieting, says the Washington *Post*. The Communist New York *Daily Worker*, naturally making the most of it, insists that "a tremendous shock was suffered by the financial structure of American capitalism."

But other editors are inclined to consider this failure "an isolated phenomenon," the New York *World's* phrase, and to accept the statement made by Thomas W. Lamont of the Morgan banking firm, to members of the New York Stock Exchange: "You know that, despite surface weaknesses that may still show themselves here and there, our New York banking community is founded on a rock, and will not be shaken."

WHY is this failure looked upon as a special case?

One answer is that rumors about this bank had been floating about New York for months. *The American Banker* considers it "no secret that internal troubles in the Bank of the United States had long constituted one of the many 'situations' which powerful bankers in Wall Street had been striving for months to correct." Correction was looked for at first by a merger of this

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bank with three others. Negotiations finally fell through, and on Thursday, December 11, the New York State Superintendent of Banks took possession, and a statement was given to the press expressing the hope that after a speedy reorganization the bank may be reopened and the depositors paid in full. In order to bring this about the State banking department now has seventy-five men at work, day and night, seven days a week, examining the affairs of the bank and its branches. Meantime depositors are heartened by the agreement of New York clearing-house banks to lend to depositors of the Bank of United States up to at least 50 per cent. of their deposits.

THE affairs of the suspended bank are most complicated, we read in the New York *Times*. For instance, it "is understood to have controlled a number of subsidiary companies engaged in real-estate projects, in connection with which the banks had arranged loans." Charges have been made that bank officials sold stock in the bank or its affiliates, and guaranteed purchasers against loss. Such charges have been denied.

From the highest bank authorities, says *The Wall Street Journal*, "comes the assurance that the Bank of United States represented an isolated local situation. The institution had practically no out-of-town correspondent business."

The name of this New York bank has a good deal to do with the case. A committee of depositors has issued a statement making the point that "many depositors were influenced to leave their savings accounts in this bank because of its name and the wrongful impression it created." As the New York *Herald Tribune* notes:

International Newsreel

Farewell to Poisoned Rum

Dr. James M. Doran, who announces discovery of a harmless substitute for wood alcohol as a denaturant.

"The Bank of United States has no connection with the Federal Government. It was chartered by New York State in 1913 before Federal legislation had prohibited the use of the name 'United States.' Dispatches from Washington have announced that legislation was being prepared to forbid the use of the name 'United States' as part of a title of private firms, no matter how long they may have used it."

There were several reasons why the New York banking fraternity were willing to let the Bank of United States go to the wall when "any other New York bank in a like situation would have been saved," writes Glenn Griswold in a New York dispatch to the Chicago *Journal of Commerce:*

"In the first place, its name is misunderstood by an ignorant portion of the public, and is resented by other bankers.

"The clientele of the bank has been largely among foreign-born citizens who interpreted its name to mean that it had a strength comparable to that of the Bank of England. No other bank was equipped to handle this sort of business, and the banking methods of the management were unpopular with other bankers.

"The question was whether the bank could be allowed to fail with a reasonable probability that the depositors would get most of their money back, and without dangerous reaction on the rest of the banking community. When it was decided that the failure could be risked, the clearing-house banks agreed to loan the depositors of the failed bank 50 per cent. of their balances immediately.

"This occurrence will have a bad effect, of course.

"Four hundred thousand depositors find half of their assets frozen. The major part of this probably represents pay-rolls of little shops in the clothing and allied industries.

"Certain evil effects naturally follow.

"But, on the other hand, the only sore spot New York has worried about in recent weeks is being cured, and the mystery of it has been dispelled."

The epidemic of failures in the South and Middle West is discust in more detail in our Department of Investments and Finance on page 36.

No More Poisoned Alcohol

WETS AND DRYS AGREE!

For once the national Prohibition stage offers an act pleasing to all the spectators.

It seems incredible, but it's true.

Instead of one part of the house applauding while the other hisses and boos, both are joining in a spontaneous demonstration of approval.

This act is staged by Dr. James M. Doran, chief of the Industrial Alcohol Bureau. Rather in the rôle of a magician, he delights the crowd by showing—presto!—how to denature alcohol without using a poison that blinds or kills.

"A petroleum product, derived from oil undergoing the cracking process, termed alcotate, will be substituted for wood alcohol," explains a Washington dispatch to the New York *Times*. "Alcotate can be obtained only from California petroleum." Quoting Dr. Doran direct:

"Alcotate has been determined after months of study as an effective substitute for wood alcohol. Apparently it is proof against removal through the most severe bootleg processes, including filtering through carbon and fractional distillation in column stills, tests which are sufficient to remove most other denaturing elements.

"If consumed accidentally or purposely, it is non-poisonous, and does not have the blinding effect of wood alcohol. It renders all liquors produced from alcohol it contains unfit for beverage purposes."

UNFIT because alcotate makes alcohol taste like bad eggs and garlic, with the flavor of gasoline and chloroform added, and "consumption of any quantity would render the drinker very ill, altho not dangerously so, according to experts."

"Alcohol which is sold to the public without permit, such as anti-freeze mixtures for automobile radiators and other purposes," the dispatch continues, "will be treated first with alcotate, as it is the desire of the Industrial Alcohol Bureau to remove poison from alcohol easily obtainable."

Thus ends one of the bitterest battles in the long war between the wets and drys. Repeatedly, the wets in Congress have been beaten in efforts to compel the Government to abandon the use of wood alcohol and other poisons as denaturants. Their demand was based on the heavy death toll caused by drinking alcohol from which the poison had been but partially removed.

Now, as already noted, everybody seems pleased. The Association of Organizations Supporting the Eighteenth Amendment, which includes the Anti-Saloon League, the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals, and the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, unanimously adopted a resolution commending Dr. Doran.

And the wets are happy, too. Some comment caustically on the "barbarous" practise heretofore followed. "The large yearly toll of deaths resulting from the poisoning of industrial alcohol by the Government has been one of the saddest of the many tragedies of Prohibition, and not least to be deplored because it was so impossible of reconciliation with any of the commoner considerations of humanity," says the Springfield *Union*.

But "at this late day the discovery is not so important as it would have been at an earlier period," says the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, "for the annual report of Chief Doran, issued a few days ago, carried the statement that supervision of the distillation of commercial alcohol is now so severe that comparatively little of the product finds its way into illegitimate channels."

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TOPICS IN BRIEF

THEN, too, you can judge a man by the golf score he keeps. —*Stamford Advocate.*

A SERVANT has written a novel. It is said to have plenty of new situations.—*The Passing Show.*

THE business world seems to have plenty of backbone if it wasn't lumped at the upper end.—*Vancouver Sun.*

A PROMINENT dentist says the American mouth is becoming larger. We knew it was unwise to add that last layer to the club sandwich.—*Birmingham News.*

MAYBE the dispute could be settled by agreeing to allow France and Italy to build navies as big as they can pay for without borrowing any money.—*St. Joseph News-Press.*

AN apple caused the first downfall of man, but peaches have handled the business since that time.—*Chickasha Express.*

IT was a married man who decided to enlist the nation's women in the task of finding odd jobs for men.—*Duluth Herald.*

IF Mrs. McCormick hasn't found any other kind, she can get a seat on the stock exchange rather cheap now.—*Key West Citizen.*

NO wonder the meek shall inherit the earth. The fix it's getting in now, you couldn't wish it on anybody else.—*Stamford Advocate.*

IT is pointed out that nowadays there are many gadgets that make work lighter. But few that can make a lighter work.—*Passing Show.*

A SCIENTIST states that there are billions of millions of moons. Not once in a blue one are we allowed to forget it by the song publishers. —*London Opinion.*

A Timely Arrival

—Shoemaker in the Chicago "Daily News."

THE broadcast from the submerged submarine came from a point so far down that we expected at first to hear a stock quotation.—*Boston Herald.*

A NEW laundry exhibition is soon to be held in London. It will probably be declared open by the tearing of a shirt by the guest of honor.—*Passing Show.*

THE Pope has blest the automatic telephone exchange at the Vatican. Nobody ever blesses automatic telephone exchanges in this country.—*Punch.*

IT would certainly be tough for this country if we had to wait for the Wickersham Committee to announce a plan to relieve the present depression.—*Judge.*

A COLLEGE professor says it takes five generations of careful breeding to make a champion hen. But of course any number of perfect humans can be made by passing a law.—*San Diego Union.*

IT is the man of the family who slows up holiday buying by his last-minute purchases, declares a retailers association. It looks as if the time had come to merge the mail early and early male campaigns.—*Boston Herald.*

IN the disclosures of corruption in the sale of offices in New York City, one of the city officials said: "It shall be investigated to the bottom." F. P. A., in *The World*, says it ought to be "sifted to the very top."—*Raleigh News and Observer.*

SOMEWHERE in Alaska there has been discovered a prehistoric monster imbedded in a cake of ice. Its head is said to be camel-shaped and its body like that of a fish. Probably just another political straddle that was left out in the cold.—*Boston Herald.*

DON'T kick on the increased income tax. Be glad you must pay one.—*Omaha World-Herald.*

POLITICS is one party trying to get in office, and the other party trying to stay in.—*Wauchula Advocate.*

WHAT the country needs is a crime commission that can braid legal red tape into a serviceable rope.—*Miami Herald.*

ONE irate editor demands that Chicago put Al Capone behind the bars, apparently overlooking the fact that he's behind most of them there already.—*Boston Herald.*

THE *DO-X* is in trouble again, and when it will come to America, goodness knows. We still hope it will arrive in time to celebrate Hoover's abolition of poverty.—*The New Yorker.*

ABOUT all you can say for the new Austin jokes is that they are just as funny as they were as Ford jokes.—*Waterbury American.*

A PEAT fire in Cornwall has been burning for one hundred years. Has nobody tried putting on a shovelful of coal?—*Passing Show.*

THE real truth about Bishop Manning and ex-Judge Lindsey is that they are not one bit companionate.—*Springfield Union.*

DON'T be impatient, Mr. Legge. In a few years the Farm Board can claim part of the credit for good times.—*West Palm Beach Post.*

CIVILIZED NATION: One that cheerfully spends billions to kill men but can't think up a way to care for the jobless.—*Tucson Citizen.*

READING in buses is very bad for the eyes, writes an optician. Especially when the person whose paper you are reading won't keep still.—*London Opinion.*

AND now the busybodies have dug up an old scandal about former President Coolidge. They find that he once sang in the choir. —*Minneapolis Journal.*

THE wise man and the fool seem much alike when they fall in love or try to explain hard times.—*Boston Post.*

MUSSOLINI isn't the only great Italian dictator. Scarface Al's town is bigger than Rome.—*Publishers Syndicate.*

THE queerest thing about hard times is their trick of being caused by a tariff on one side of the ocean and free trade on the other.—*New Haven Register.*

AFTER looking casually over a couple of confession magazines, we gathered the impression that the "fession" part of it doesn't amount to much.—*Boston Herald.*

JUDGING from experience covering a good many years, it would seem quite worth while for France to teach cabinet making in the public schools.—*Indianapolis News.*

SEE by the papers that a little doe slipt through the hands of the municipal police somewhere or other, but maybe they just lost interest when they realized the way it was spelled.—*Boston Herald.*

A *Forum* contributor expresses the opinion that railroad crossings, instead of being beautified, should have a ghastly appearance. A lot of automobile drivers seem to be intent on carrying out that idea.—*Springfield Union.*

EINSTEIN can not understand why Americans, with no intention to insult, offered him big money to indorse things he never heard of. It is said that there are only six people in the world who can comprehend this.—*The New Yorker.*

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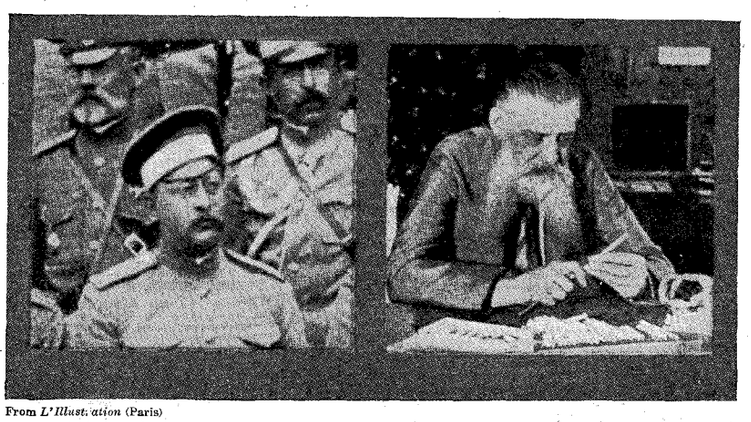
FOREIGN COMMENT

Cruel Fate of the Russian Refugees

WHATEVER BENEFITS TO RUSSIA the Soviet Government may claim to have rendered, to a great section of the Russian people it has brought only disaster and poverty.

Not since the French Revolution, some editors say, has a political cataclysm wrought such social havoc as the Russian Revolution. Almost overnight, we are reminded, an enormous country doomed its aristocracy and its middle class to systematic destruction.

Hundreds of thousands of Russians fled to various parts of the world, lucky to escape with their lives. And a great number of these refugees, it is pointed out in the Paris *Illustration*, were absolutely without resources of any kind.



From *L'Illustration* (Paris)

Once Colonel of a Russian Regiment, Now a Cigaret-Maker

True, some managed to take in their flight relics of their happier days, especially jewels. These they sold, and were able to live for a time on the proceeds.

But most of them, both men and women, who had never worked for their living before, were forced to look for employment and wages in a country not their own with a language not their own. We read further:

"Fortunately many Russian refugees, through their energetic efforts, have grappled successfully with their fate. They have mapped out a new life for themselves, very different from that of former years. But yet they manage to live. They have learned trades, and made use of their natural abilities."

THE accompanying photographs reveal the metamorphosis that is so common among these Russian exiles. These pictures, we are told, were taken in Berlin, but similar ones might be gathered in Paris, London, New York, in fact, in all the great capitals of the world. It is further related that:

"On the morrow of the Bolshevik Revolution, Berlin served as a refuge for hundreds of thousands of Russian refugees of the aristocracy and the middle class. At present there are still from 15,000 to 20,000 of them in the German capital. The younger or the more active ones quickly adapted themselves to their new condition.

"Princes became taxicab drivers, and a former colonel of the Russian Army got a job as doorman at the French Embassy.

"A Cossack captain, Sachno Oustimovitch, worked for a time in a Paris automobile factory, then he was employed as a gardener, and now he is the chef in a Berlin restaurant.

"Colonel de Fuss formerly was in command of a regiment of Uhlans of Czar Alexander III. In 1930, old and broken and wearing a long gray beard, he found employment in a Berlin factory, where from morning to night he makes cigarets.

"Madame de Glebof, lady-in-waiting at the Russian Imperial Court, still remains a great lady, but now she plays this rôle only in the movies, and so earns her living."

From *L'Illustration* (Paris)

A Cossack Captain in Other Days, Now a Chef

THESE personages are melancholy reminders of lost grandeur, it is noted, but they deserve honor and admiration for their courageous efforts in the face of adversity and exile. Another glimpse of them is afforded by a Paris United Press cable:

"Political outcasts, a people without a country, members of the White Russian émigré colony in France participated in an impressive display of devotion when Grand Duke Cyril Vladimirovitch, head of the Romanoff family, proclaimed himself 'Czar of All the Russias,' on November 30 past.

"The ceremony was a solemn affair. Followers of Cyril filled a large lecture hall in the Avenue d'Iena. There were nearly 1,000 persons present, a gathering of simply clad men and women in street clothes.

"They came from all walks of life, but many had been among the nobility in Russia under the Czars. Several were former ladies-in-waiting to the Czarina.

"All were scholars and aristocrats. Most of them are desperately poor, and looked it.

"The Grand Duke Cyril's ascension to the exalted if meaningless, at the moment, title was hailed by the somewhat pathetic but proud White Russians who have found asylum, if not happiness, in exile in France.

"A singular feature of the solemn, slightly melancholy gathering was the absence of the White Russian military leader, General Ivan Miller, and hundreds of officers and men formerly in the imperial Russian armies.

"The unbending monarchistic and militarist beliefs of these men would have created high tension, it was agreed, among Grand Duke Cyril's guests at the proclamation ceremony.

"The guests comprised chiefly the moderate Monarchists and Republicans. Even a few Socialists as well as radical Monarchists attended.

"Despite the unmilitary aspect of the assemblage — heightened by the presence of many women—all leapt to attention following the cry by Prince Krassinski, Cyril's uncle: 'Long live our Imperial Majesties!'"

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China's Best Hope for Peace

AMID ALL THE JARS of Chinese politicians and generals, one important element seems to be overlooked at Nanking.

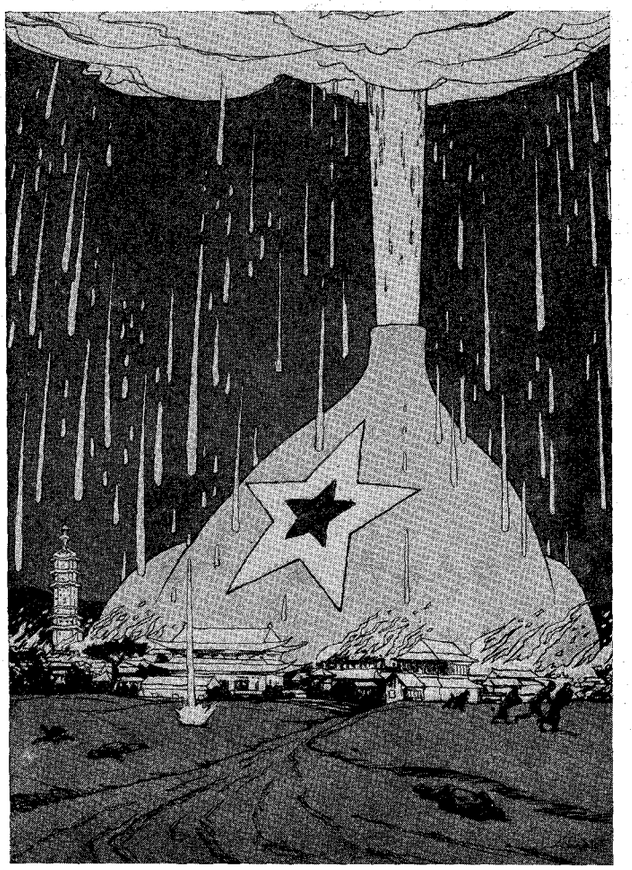
This is the great army of sagacious, practical Chinese business men, we are told, who above all others are the most interested in ending China's troubles, and who also are the best equipped to bring peace to the country.

Even tho civil war has stopt at least for the time, reports tell us that the red terror of Soviet Communism still menaces the struggling Republic of China.

Alarmed by Communist disorders in Northern Kwangtung Province, as 10,000 Reds moved southward toward Canton, we learn from Associated Press dispatches, from that city, the Government declared martial law in Canton as a precaution against a recurrence of the red terror three years ago which caused the deaths of thousands in street fighting and the burning of a large portion of Canton. Other cities in that region are said to be menaced by the Reds. Hankow press dispatches report the capture of two Hunan Province cities with a general slaughter of the inhabitants, and Chinese Communists are charged with the massacre. We read also that:

"Foreign ships plying the Yangtze River near Shansi reported that Lichow, one of the important cities of Hunan, and Tsingshih had fallen into the hands of the Reds, who massacred the population.

"The reports said the Communists indicated they planned to push their operations north of the Yangtze River and attack the important river town of Shansi in Hupeh Province."



The Red Volcano That Imperils China

—"Kladderadatsch" (Berlin).

IT is the tragedy of Chinese Nationalism, says O. M. Green in the London *Sunday Times*, that while it has awakened the business man's conception of his country's needs and his eagerness to serve her, as never before, it has found no place for him in its councils. Yet it is recalled that Chinese merchants have always had a good name, from the days of the old Cantonese hong merchants of a century ago. To keep the honor of their class, six of them once combined to pay off a debt of $1,400,000 owing by three of their colleagues to an English firm. This informant goes on to say:

"Some smile sarcastically at the saying that 'a Chinaman's word is his bond.' There may be more black sheep among them than formerly, just as among Westerners who go to China.

"Of Chinese merchants in general, I believe it might fairly be said that they are better men than their ancestors, better educated, more public-spirited, and animated by a sense of their country's position such as their predecessors never knew.

"One looks back on some of these men with amazement that so much good material should be denied the work it so much desires to do.

"Such a man, for example, was the late Chu Pao-san, for many years chairman of the Chinese Chamber of Commerce in Shanghai. Tall, venerable, and handsome, with heavy eyebrows and long white beard, he was a noted philanthropist, an intimate friend of leading foreigners, and invariably consulted by the Council on questions affecting the Chinese community.

"His success in the sphere of Chinese foreign relations was the more remarkable since he came to it so late in life.

"His mantle has descended on Yu Ya-ching, manager of a Chinese shipping company, and acknowledged leader of the five Chinese members of the Municipal Council.

"Like Chu Pao-san, he is unusually tall and big for a Chinese, and of striking mien. His power among his countrymen is immense; he is sometimes called the uncrowned king of Shanghai.

"Yet he has undeniably done well for the settlement, and at more than one critical moment—notably in respect to the election of Chinese to the council—has thrown his weight on the side of peace and an amicable arrangement.

"Again, there is Tsu-yee-Bei, manager of the Bank of China, absurdly young looking for such a post, an excellent companion, a very able financier, who has done admirable work on the Council.

"Another man of mark is Li Ming, manager of the important Chekiang Industrial Bank, a vivid personality, of immense enthusiasm, exploding at moments of excitement in torrents of words, but cool enough in action, and a keen critic of his country's affairs.

"He has just carried through the complicated task of liquidating the Russo-Asiatic Bank with marked ability and at ridiculously small cost."

MANY other distinguished Chinese business men might be mentioned, it is said. But meanwhile we are taken back to June, 1928, when, after the fall of Peking, the Nationalists called an economic conference of leading bankers and merchants.

Their response, it is stated, was tremendous, and they drew up a statesmanlike list of resolutions including—

"Disbandment of troops and a scheme for their employment; recognition of all debts in order to reestablish China's credit abroad; currency reform and a single mint; a budget and strict control of expenditure.

"They estimated the cost of their reforms at $300,000,000, and broadly hinted that there would be no difficulty in finding the money.

"Official indifference toward the business classes may be a survival of the old régime, when merchants took only the third place in the State, ranking below both scholars (officials) and farmers.

"To-day, in the main, the ruling class is inferior to that under the Empire, the merchants superior, yet the latter are kept out in the cold.

"The success of T. V. Soong as Minister of Finance is largely due to the wise intimacy with which he has always worked with leading Chinese bankers and merchants.

"But the party as a whole seems unable to see it."

SPEAKING of the squashing, at least temporarily, of the Northern rebellion in China, the Shanghai *Evening Post* considers the evil of banditry in China which has "become so common as to be almost a recognized means of livelihood." The cause of much of the banditry, this newspaper claims, may be found in confiscatory taxation because of which "the farmers take to the hills and the highways." If the "present tax orgy" were stopt, it is predicted that banditry would greatly diminish.

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France's Fortress for Gold

THE STORY OF THE DIGGING OF NEW VAULTS for the Bank of France, in which to safeguard more than one-half of its total gold reserve, is said to rival any romance in fiction.

The approach to the vaults, we are told, is guarded by such monsters of steel and concrete in the shape of doors and revolving walls, shafts and elevators, passages cut through solid rock and lined with chrome steel plates two feet thick, that one is struck with awe in approaching this Golconda of wealth beyond human imagination.

German Big Bertha shells and bombs from Zeppelins and Gothas, relates Harold G. Cardozo in the Continental Edition of the London *Daily Mail*, caused the governors of the bank to consider seriously, after peace was signed, the devising of a huge, underground vault.

It is designed to be proof not only against the common wiles of safebreakers and wall-piercers, it appears, but also to withstand the most terrific bombardment that military genius can imagine.

It is intended also to house not only gold and notes and scrip, the wealth of a city in jewels and papers, but also a war-time emergency staff. This informant relates further:

"The store of gold held by the Bank of France, according to its most recent weekly balance-sheet, amounts to no less than £411,040,219, which is more than twice that held by the Bank of England.

"The rapid growth of the Bank of France's gold reserve will be seen from the fact that it stood at only £253,776,875 at the end of 1928, £271,963,526 in February, 1929, and £341,893,396 in January of this year.

"More than £60,000,000 have been added to the huge store in the past ten months.

"I have just been privileged to be one of the very few people admitted to the great vaults in Paris where the Bank of France keeps the main portion of its bullion reserves.

"I have laid my hand on thousands of those oblong yellow bricks which are French or American ingots, and on the sloping truncated blocks which are made of British gold.

"In the bright light of the enormous underground vaults of the Bank of France, the rows and rows of ingots piled one on another in great steel cupboards shone dully behind the simple screen of woven wire, with tiny cardboard tickets bearing merely a handwritten date and figure.

"There was just 27 milliards of francs in gold (about £216,000,000), or more than half of the total reserve. The rest is kept in other vaults, not only in Paris but throughout France."

FOR three years, we learn, shifts of workmen have been busy night and day hewing out of the rock beneath the bank a vast underground chamber measuring 10,000 square meters in area, or in other words, a square about two and one-half acres in extent.

Above the rocky roof of this chamber are at least thirty-six feet of rock and water, representing a weight of thousands of tons. To this must be added the weight of the new bank building, and this writer continues:

"As the vault was excavated, the roof was kept up by huge cylindrical concrete pillars, and when the whole space was hewn out there were 750 of these pillars.

"The walls were built of fifteen feet of reinforced concrete, with a water-tight layer of a patent asphalt preparation in the middle to prevent the outside water percolating. And thus the largest safety vaults in the world were brought into being.

"The approach to these vaults is curious in the extreme as regards the defenses which have been imagined, not against any puny safe-breakers with their oxy-hydrogen blowpipes, but against the organized forces of an enemy army or of a fresh Commune in Paris.

"The shaft through which I was taken by one of the highest officials of the bank, with an escort of other officials carrying keys and blue-uniformed porters to work the mechanism, is protected by a wall of concrete and steel, more than twenty feet thick.

"The first door, with its multiple safety locks, appears as just a sheet of steel painted a glistening white like the walls of the vault, for already we are in the second floor down of cellars.

"But there are a few small round holes to which a handle is attached, and then a wheel, and, finally, a key slides home—absurdly small, it seems, for such a gigantic slab of steel—and two men haul the huge door back flush with the wall behind.

"This door is over two feet thick and is made of steel that is proof against any blowpipe known.

"The safe experts compute that were the keys of this and the other doors lost, it would take at least two months to blast a way through, working without let or hindrance night and day."

THE opening of this door, it seems, reveals a passage a few feet deep, and then there appears a blank wall. This wall is described as slightly rounded, and of solid steel and concrete eighteen feet thick. There does not appear a crack or a chink by which an entry can be made. It is a blind alley—

"But no—there is a way of getting past this barrier if the secret passwords are known, far more complicated than Aladdin's 'Open Sesame.'

"This blank wall is part of the surface of a huge cylinder of concrete faced with steel eighteen feet in diameter.

"In the passage wall another steel door bars access to an electric motor which, if everything is normal and the right keys are produced, revolves the massive cylinder on its pivot in a quarter-circle, disclosing a steel and concrete armor plate in the form of a gigantic rectangular 'cork,' as the bank officials call it.

"It weighs more than fourteen tons, and when in turn its bolts have been drawn, an electric trolley runs up on rails and slowly pushes this eighteen-foot-deep wedge down the passage, leaving the way free.

"Eight tons of solid steel (the first door), and fourteen tons of steel and concrete (the 'cork'), had been maneuvered, unlocked, and driven aside, and the long passage with its steel sides, steel floor and steel roof was awaiting me.

"Suddenly, just as if this gigantic mechanism had been working for her sole benefit, a little old woman clad in spotless white, a dainty white bonnet on her silver hair, and a duster in her hand, appeared, apparently from nowhere. She was one of many who work deep underground keeping spotlessly clean the Palace of Gold.

"I passed on through these fortress gates and reached the shaft which takes one by lift or stairway to the outer walls of the vaults eighty feet below. This first gate was merely a sally port.

"Here again, where not even a tremor of the far-distant street traffic can be heard, but which, all the same, is full of strange throbbings and the rhythmic hum of hidden machinery, are the same devices and others, perhaps stranger still, known only to about a dozen bank officials, to protect the entrance to the great underground chamber itself.

"These doors, however, are only to be shut in time of the greatest peril, as they can not be opened from outside, but only by the garrison which has locked itself up with its fantastic stock of gold."

ESCORTED down another passage, this contributor to *The Daily Mail* was taken to a great kitchen with gigantic steam-heated stew-pans, oil-heaters and electric kitchen ranges "as big as those in a palatial hotel." He tells us further that meals for 2,000 clerks and officials can be prepared in the bank kitchens, and he adds:

"Supplies of tinned and preserved foods are always kept in readiness, and there is a huge refrigerator to hold sides of beef and sheep by the score, as well as fresh vegetables and other foodstuffs.

"Situated far underground as they are, condensation would render conditions in the vaults extremely unpleasant but for ingenious ventilating and damp-absorption devices.

"The engineers pump out forty-five tons of water obtained from condensation every day. Secret air-shafts, which are bomb and gas proof, provide the vaults with 2,400,000 cubic feet of fresh air every hour, while the foul air is evacuated by lateral galleries.

"The water supply is 'siphoned' from an artesian well secreted deep beneath the foundations."

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Sinclair Lewis Struts His Stuff

"A LITTLE IMPOLITE" is what Sinclair Lewis thought himself over in Stockholm.

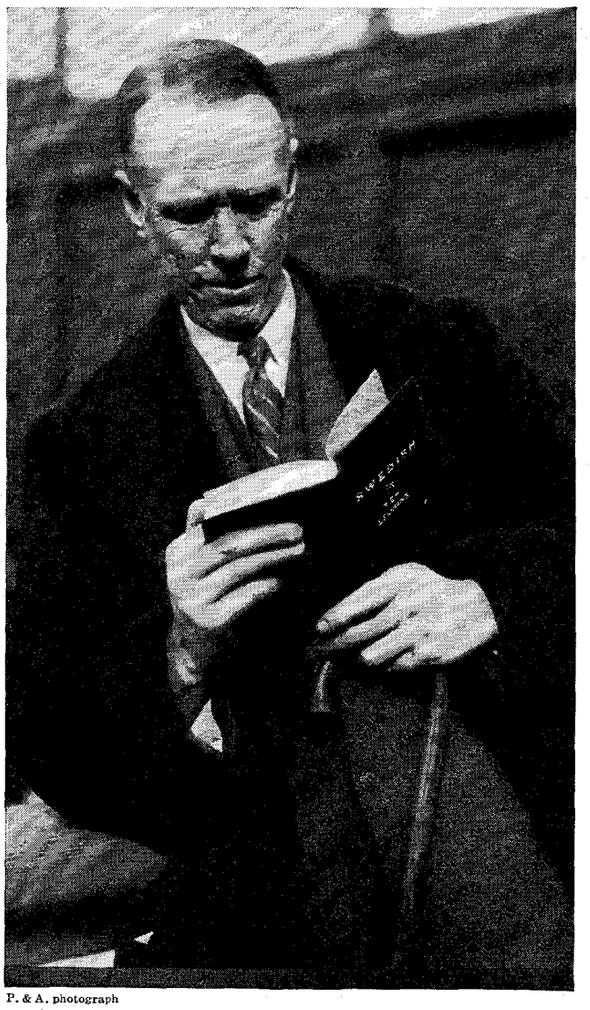
Not in thanks for the Nobel Prize, tho his gratitude was dispatched in the fewest words, but impolite to his "greatly beloved country" for falling short of his ideals.

He read them an hour's lecture on this theme, and is reported to have amused his hearers highly, especially when the speech was translated into German so that all and sundry could understand.

America read it in full in the New York *Times* of December 13, and if Mr. Lewis intended to infuriate his countrymen, it is only here and there that the press shows any particular resentment.

He has come to be regarded as "a gadfly," as the Boston *Daily Globe* sees him—"a gadfly is not exactly a household pet, but he has his uses." And this same writer reminds us of England's Jonathan Swift, of G. B. S., of Norway's Ibsen, and France's Voltaire.

Whether he plants his sting at home or abroad makes little difference, tho the Chicago *Daily News* finds the Stockholm exhibition in "singularly poor taste and a curious lack of fitness."



P. & A. photograph

As He Sails, He Studies Swedish

But Mr. Lewis used good round English to denounce his country's failure as a cultural nation.

MORE aggrieved is the Buffalo *Courier-Express* over his charge of America's crudeness, and retorts that "sometimes we have a suspicion that America never proved its crudeness so stupidly as when it made Sinclair Lewis a celebrity."

Dr. William Lyon Phelps of Yale is inclined to tolerance; anyway, he thinks "Lewis's speech, on the whole, will do me good." He looks upon "Red" Lewis, whom he knew as an undergraduate, as "almost fanatical in his idealism and evangelism."

Mr. Lewis is reported as "nervous" before he entered the hall to deliver his address. He paced up and down, and sank his chin in his shirt-front. But he was self-possest when speaking. He dedicates his address to "certain trends, certain dangers, certain high and exciting promises in present-day American literature." And he seeks to forestall criticism by protesting that he is in no case "gratifying a grudge."

He says:

"I have for myself no conceivable complaint to make, yet, for American literature in general and its standard in a country where industrialism, finance, and science flourish, and the only art that is vital and respected is architecture, I have a considerable complaint."

His first thrust is directed against Dr. Henry van Dyke, who is reported to have stated that the Nobel Prize Committee paid "a back-handed compliment to America" in its award to Lewis. Thus:

"There is in America a learned and most amiable old gentleman who has been a pastor, university professor, and diplomat. He is a member of the American Academy of Arts and Letters, and no few universities have honored him with degrees. As a writer he is chiefly known for pleasant essays on the joys of fishing. . . .

"This scholar stated, and publicly, that in awarding the Nobel Prize to a person who had scoffed at American institutions as much as I, the Nobel committee and the Swedish Academy had insulted America.

"I do not know whether as an ex-diplomat he intends to have an international incident made of it, and, perhaps, demand that the American Government land marines at Stockholm to protect American literary rights, but I hope not.

"I should have supposed that to a man so learned as to become a doctor of divinity, a doctor of letters, and I do not know how many other imposing magnificences, the matter would have seemed different. I should have supposed he would have reasoned: 'Altho I personally dislike this man's book, nevertheless the Swedish Academy has in choosing him honored an American by assuming the Americans no longer appear as a backwoods clan so inferior that they are afraid of criticism, but instead a nation which has come of age and is able to consider calmly and maturely the dissection of their land.'

"I would even have supposed so international a scholar would have assumed that Scandinavia, accustomed to the works of Strindberg, Ibsen, and Pontoppidan, would not have been peculiarly shocked by a writer whose most anarchistic assertions have been that America with all her wealth and power has not yet produced a civilization good enough to satisfy the deeper cries of human creatures. I believe Strindberg rarely sang 'The Star-Spangled Banner' or addrest Rotary clubs, yet Sweden seems to have survived him."

FROM here on the novelist's strictures are more general, bearing heavily on the American Academy of Arts and Letters, which, he declares, "does not represent literary America to-day; it represents only Henry Wadsworth Longfellow." Further:

"It might be answered that, after all, an academy limited to fifty members naturally can not include every one of merit. But the fact is that, while most of our giants are excluded, the Academy does, however, include three extraordinarily bad poets, two very melodramatic and insignificant playwrights, two gentlemen who are known only because they are university presidents, and one who was thirty years ago known as a rather

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clever and humorous draughtsman, and several gentlemen of whom, I sadly confess my ignorance, I never heard."

THE colleges and universities also are found to exhibit "so perfect an example of the divorce in America of intellectual life from all our standards of importance and reality." Exception is made of Rollins College, in Florida; Middlebury College, in Vermont; the University of Michigan, and the University of Chicago. Indeed:

"Socially, our universities are close to the mass of our citizens, and so are they in the matter of athletics. And in one branch of learning—the sciences—the lords of business who rule us are willing to do homage to the devotees of learning.

"However bleakly our trader aristocrats may frown upon poetry, they are graciously pleased to endure a Millikan, a Michelson, a Banting, or a Theobald Smith.

"But the paradox is that, in the arts, our universities are as far from reality and living creation as socially, athletically, and scientifically they are close to us.

"To the true-blue professor of literature in an American university, literature is not something that the plain human being living to-day painfully sits down to produce. It is not something dead; it is something magically produced by superhuman beings who must, if they are regarded as artists at all, have died 100 years before this diabolical invention of the typewriter.

"To any authentic don there may be something slightly repulsive in the thought that literature could be created by any ordinary human being still to be seen walking the streets, wearing quite commonplace trousers and coat, and looking not unlike a chauffeur or a farmer.

"Our American professors like their literature clear, cold, pure, and very dead."

Critical standards are also found wanting:

"It always has been so. America never had a Brandes, a Taine, a Goethe, or a Croce. With a considerable wealth of creative talent, our criticism has most of it been chill, insignificant activity pursued by jealous spinsters, former baseball reporters, and acid professors. Our Erasmuses have been village schoolmistresses. How should there be any standards when there has been no one capable of setting them up?"

BUT Mr. Lewis was far from giving Sweden the idea that America has no great authors. We have them, but we do not appreciate them, he intimates:

"I imagined what would have been said had you chosen some American other than myself.

"Suppose you had taken Theodore Dreiser. Now to me, as to many other American writers, Dreiser, more than any other man, is marching alone. Usually unappreciated, often hounded, he has cleared the trail from Victorian, Howellsian timidity and gentility in American fiction to honesty, boldness, and passion of life.

"Without his pioneering, I doubt if any of us could, unless we liked to be sent to jail, seek to express life, beauty, and terror.

"Had you given the prize to Dreiser, you would have heard groans from America.

"You would have heard that his style (I am not exactly sure what this mystic quality of style must be, but I find the word so often in the writings of minor critics that I suppose it must exist) is cumbersome, his choice of words insensitive, and his books interminable. And certainly some respectable scholar would complain that in Dreiser's world men and women often were sinful, tragic, and despairing instead of being forever sunny, full of song and virtue, as befits authentic Americans.

"And had you chosen Eugene O'Neill, who has done nothing much in the American drama save to transform it utterly in ten or twelve years from a false world of neat and competent trickery to a world of splendor, fear, and greatness, you would have been reminded that he had done something far worse than scoffing, that he had seen life as something not to be neatly arranged in a study, but as terrifying, magnificent, and often quite horrible, a thing akin to a tornado, an earthquake, or a devastating fire.

"And, on the other hand, you would have been told that James Branch Cabell was too fantastically malicious; that Willa Cather, for all the homely virtue of her novels concerning the peasants of Nebraska, has in 'A Lost Lady' been so untrue to America's patent, perpetual, and possibly tedious virtuousness as a picture of an abandoned woman who remains nevertheless uncannily charming even to the virtuous in a story without any moral; that Henry Mencken is the worst of all scoffers; that Sherwood Anderson viciously errs in esteeming sex as important a force in life as fishing; that Upton Sinclair, being a Socialist, sins against the perfectness of American capitalistic mass production; that Joseph Hergesheimer is un-American in considering beauty of surface as of some importance in the endurance of daily life, and that Ernest Hemingway is not only too young but, far worse, uses language which should be unknown to gentlemen, acknowledges drunkenness as one of man's eternal ways to happiness, and asserts that a soldier may find love more significant than the hearty slaughter of men in battle.

"Yes, they are all very wicked, these colleagues of mine.

"You would have done almost as evilly to have chosen them as to have chosen me.

"And as a chauvinistic American—only, mind you, an American of 1930 and not of 1880—I rejoice that they are my countrymen and countrywomen, and that I may speak of them with pride, even in the Europe of Thomas Mann, Shaw, Wells, Galsworthy, Arnold Bennett, Feuchtwanger, Selma Lagerlöf, Sigrid Undset, Werner von Heidenstam, d'Annunzio, and Romain Rolland."

HEREIN, however, Mr. Lewis is accused of misrepresentation in disregarding the fact that books of these and younger writers are often on the best-selling lists. But his picture of our reading habits is this:

"We still mostly revere writers for the popular magazines who, in a hearty and edifying chorus, chant that the America of 120,000,000 population is still as simple and pastoral as it was when it had but 40,000,000; that in an industrial plant with 10,000 employees the relationship between the workers and manager still is as neighborly and uncomplex as in a factory of 1840 with five employees; that the relationships between father and son and between husband and wife are precisely the same in an apartment in a thirty-story palace to-day, with three motor-cars awaiting the family below, five books on the library shelves, and a divorce imminent in the family next week, as were those relationships in the rose-veiled five-room cottage of 1880; that, in fine, America has gone through a revolutionary change from a rustic colony to a world empire without having in the least changed the bucolic, puritanic simplicity of Uncle Sam."

The note of optimism is not omitted from the peroration. We are to be saved in spite of ourselves:

"Without standards, we survived. And for strong young men it has, perhaps, been well that we should have had no standards. For, after scorning to be pessimistic about my own much-beloved land, I want to close this dirge with a very lively sound of optimism.

"I have, for the future of American literature, every hope and every eager belief.

"We are coming out, I believe, of the stuffiness of safe and sane incredibility and dull provincialism. There are young Americans doing such passionate and authentic work that it makes me sick to see I am a little too old to be one of them.

"There is Ernest Hemingway, a bitter youth educated by the most intense experience, disciplined by his own high standards, an authentic artist whose home is in the whole of life.

"There is Thomas Wolfe, a child of, I believe, thirty or younger, whose only novel, 'Look Homeward, Angel,' is worthy to be compared with the best of our literary productions, a Gargantuan creature with a great gusto of life.

"There is Thornton Wilder, who, in an age of realism, dreams of old love and dreams of eternal romances.

"There is John Dos Passos, with a hatred of the safe and sane standards of *Babbitt*, and with the splendor of revolution.

"There is Stephen Benet, who, to American drabness, has restored the epic poem with his glorious memory of John Brown; and there are a dozen young poets and fictionists, most of them living in Paris, most of them a little insane in the tradition of James Joyce, who, however insane they may be, have refused to be genteel, traditional, and dull."

THE gods who preside over the birth of writers, says the New York *Herald Tribune*, gave Mr. Lewis imagination, observation of the keenest, and a rich supply of energy. "What they omitted

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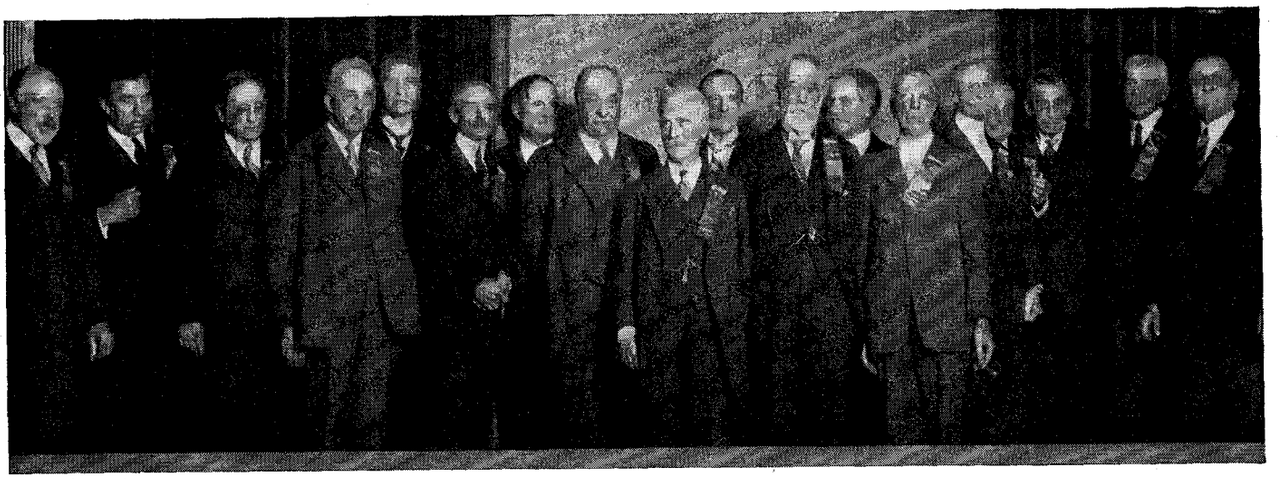

Keystone photograph

Some of the Academicians Under Mr. Lewis's Red Fire

From left to right: Herbert Adams, John H. Finley, George Pierce Baker, Wilbur L. Gross, William Gillette, Herman A. MacNeil, James Earl Fraser, Nicholas Murray Butler, Henry van Dyke, Henry Hadley, Robert Underwood Johnson, Hamlin Garland, Arthur T. Hadley (deceased), Edwin Howland Blashfield, Childe Hassam, Booth Tarkington, John C. van Dyke, Cass Gilbert.

was that loyalty which holds a writer true to his facts, to himself." But "the propagandist grew at the expense of the novelist." Continuing:

"What happened in Stockholm was the exhibition of the unadorned result of this surrender. It would seem to be impossible for the ardent propagandist to forget his line for a moment.

"Mr. Lewis, standing amid the gold plate and the lavish checks, could not resist the temptation to use the opportunity, the most conspicuous of his life, to sell his stuff. As he had damned Main Street, so now he proceeded to damn his country. Thereby he broadcast to his largest audience the creed to the support of which he has elected to devote his talents. 'Home is worst' sums it up in a phrase.

"Mr. Lewis's foreign hosts at Stockholm seem to have been a little shocked at his utterance. His home people will hardly take his words so seriously. They worried for a while about their Main Streets and their Babbitts. It seemed as if something must be done about such awful places and people.

"But time has eased their alarms. Main Street has not been destroyed by the gods. Rather has it gained an increasing reputation as a decent, friendly, comfortable spot. As for the Babbitts, they continue to inherit the earth like the hard-working, useful folk in every country.

"So far from rejecting their Main Streets, as Mr. Lewis urged, most Americans have become rather proud of them, much prouder, we are bound to say, than they can feel of Mr. Lewis in his hour of awful nakedness at Stockholm."

In spite of Mr. Lewis's glancing thrust at one of their number, it is from the columnists that he receives his most tolerant criticism. F. P. A. of *The World* thinks "most of Sinclair Lewis's Nobel Prize address was soundly critical and fair," and that the unfavorable impression at home was created by head-line writers. He deplores the personal attack on Howells and Dr. van Dyke.

Harry Hansen, also of *The World*, writes:

"As to whether or not Sinclair Lewis was justified in attacking America's Brahmans while the guest of a foreign country which has plenty of its own—that will be decided according to your bias. Good manners are relative.

"President Roosevelt criticized the English to their faces for their administration in Egypt. It had never been done before by a guest, and was widely discust. I have no doubt that Roosevelt would have whacked his opponents in the United States just as eagerly had London suggested the subject.

"Academies of letters that sit in solemn judgment on literature are usually humorous to those actively writing without regard for social conventions and literary precedents.

"A real academy gains strength only when it recognizes merit without caring whether or not the author washes his neck. But few academies have ever done so.

"Altho Lewis enjoyed his attack on the academy as a small boy enjoys shying rocks at the preacher's hat, his comment was not needed to save American letters. Literature has a way of developing in spite of the despair of the Brahmans.

"It recurs again at this moment when the humanists are praying for us. The humanists have always been prominent in the academy, and we may take it for granted that their aims are practically identical. Both are strongly classical in their leanings, and neither would for a moment compliment a sport and a literary roughneck like Sinclair Lewis."

Lewis Gannett of *The Herald Tribune* is almost jubilant:

"Sinclair Lewis's Nobel Prize speech at Stockholm sounded to me like a hymn in praise of America; and some of the editorials written denouncing it sounded as if their authors had not read what Mr. Lewis said.

"If they did indeed read what he said, their condemnation of him only confirms what Sinclair Lewis said: that too many of us 'are still afraid of any literature which is not a glorification of everything American, a glorification of our faults as well as of our virtues.' Lewis glorified our virtues, but he admitted that we have weaknesses—that seems to have been his sin. . . .

"All in all, I found the address of the first American Nobel laureate a stirring document, marking, in its way, an epoch in American literary history. It would be a pity if America should prove his most pungent criticism true by refusing, because he dared to criticize, to listen to his praise or to accept his challenge."

Rome's Rush to Latinity

Mussolini's latest photograph, we read in the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* (Berlin), shows the Duce immersed in those archeological diggings which are really but a phase of his Latinity.

Latinity!

That is the magic trait in Rome to-day, adds the *Hamburger Fremdenblatt*.

If you lack Latinity in any part of Italy, when it comes to that, you may become a suspicious character.

The Fascist salute comes from old Rome, but that is only the beginning of the borrowings from the past:

"Even the hotels and inns evince an ancient Roman spirit of which Rome is now the center. The new mood is manifest in the classical Latinity of the placards and signs. The *Castello dei Cesari* on the Aventine, universally known for its glorious view, calls itself now *Taverna ad Castrum Cæsarum*.

"Its tempting bill of fare offers its guests *Pullum, Piscem et Pernam*. This means, if you please, chicken, fish and ham.

"Famous hotels glorify themselves as *Ædes primi ordinis frequentatæ ab Cardinalibus et Prælatis*. They refer to their modernized conveniences as *amplia cubicula cum singulis balneis*.

"Even the barber's sign makes concessions to the rush for

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Latinity: *Comæ barbæque tonsor et magister manibus curandis.*

"Sufficient evidence, this, that even the every-day details of life are noted in classically accurate forms of expression.

"Thus they derive a fresh consecration besides giving proof of the swiftly progressive Latinization of Italy."

Chicago Remakes Its University

THOSE WHO GO TO COLLEGE for a good time, for social advantages, and for a meaningless diploma will not select Chicago University, when the proposed reorganization takes place.

President Hutchins announces plans that will abolish undergraduate and post-graduate divisions, the four-year classifications, and the atmospheric advantages of reputedly cultural associations.

If the engine is properly stoked, the student may steam through an educational course at any rate supplied by the boiler.

At the end he must give an account of his acquirements in a "comprehensive examination."

Learning thus becomes "a pure joy, rather than a compulsion," says Philip Kinsley in the Chicago *Tribune*.

The same paper gives us Dean Boucher's explanation of the new system:

"We propose to permit the student to pass from general to specialized education [from junior to senior college], and to graduate with the bachelor's degree, not at all on the basis of college credits, but entirely on the basis of comprehensive examinations.

"We have two primary objectives in mind.

"First, we desire to protect the superior student against unreasonable lockstep, perfunctory, and time-serving requirements, and to make it possible for him to progress as rapidly in his educational development as his capacity will permit.

"Secondly, we desire to set up at least a minimum standard of educational achievement, which is not provided in the routine course-credit system, to be measured by comprehensive examinations which some inferior students, who now acquire a degree through course credits, can not pass.

"We desire to give meaning to the bachelor's degree—that the student has passed through a stage of real educational development, and has really achieved intellectually—that he has acquired a respectable amount of general education, and has mastered the factual information, the methods and techniques of at least one large field of thought to the extent that he can marshal the materials and subject matter of the field, organize it, correlate it, interpret it, and use it in an intelligent and purposeful fashion."

"Those students who wish to acquire a general education may get it as fast as they are able, and if that is all they want, they may depart from the university with honor," so the Chicago *Daily News* quotes President Hutchins, and gives the following by which we visualize the college at work:

"By making general education a matter of large lecture classes, some of the financial pressure that now exists in the colleges because of our efforts to give individual attention to those who don't want it, don't need it, and don't deserve it, will be relieved.

"We shall be able to give more and better individual instruction to those who want to go beyond a general education."

CHICAGO itself is evidently pleased with the signs of "progressiveness" in its great institution. The Chicago *Evening Post* hails the "experiment":

"The experimental spirit is characteristic of modern education, and is one of the most encouraging symptoms of our time.

"There has always been the danger that with the growth of great universities educational systems would become institutionalized, developing an inertia obstructive to change.

"That danger seems to have been averted. Recognition of the fact that education in its methodology must be kept abreast of modern need and the development of knowledge is characteristic of leadership in American college and university life.

"President Hutchins is typical of such leadership."

The "effete East" will not rush to imitate the plan if we can take the Hartford *Courant's* comment as representative of this section:

"It is possible that President Hutchins and his faculty may be able to hustle up the process of winning degrees.

"But gaining an education is necessarily a slow business. Unfortunately, it does not depend on being able to pass examinations.

"It depends rather on many incalculable things; on rooming with a fellow-student from the other end of the country, for instance; on indulging in heated arguments which do not break up until two or three in the morning; on browsing through a miscellany of unassigned books; on chatting before open fires; on taking long confidential walks; on living in a community where ideas are more important than dollars; on leisure to look about and take stock of this world, past and present.

"Education, in short, is the product of a way of living. If it is to have lasting results, four years of university education in three score and ten seem little enough to give it."

WITH a sort of gasp, *The Courant* observes: "Young men in the Middle West are not afraid of change." And it finds its exemplar in the University's president:

"Robert Maynard Hutchins is a young man. Only a year ago he was inducted into his present office, at the age of thirty, the youngest college president in the country. To be sure, he had served his apprenticeship as dean of the Yale Law School, but in spite of this Eastern and therefore supposedly conservative training, he is about to turn his institution upside-down."

The Cover

IT is one of the less familiar pictures of the Madonna that decorates our Christmas cover.

Moreover, it is one of the less well-known renderings of this subject by Correggio, but no one will dispute the suavity, the calm naturalness of this one.

As a picture it is free from distracting accessories. The Virgin, with the Child and St. John, sits by an open window, through which is seen a landscape quite bare of detailed features. One concentrates on the Mother and Child.

Correggio was a Lombard painter, who took his name from his birthplace, a small town near Modena. His real name was Antonio Allegri, and tho the facts of his life are obscure, he was born in the neighborhood of 1494, and died in 1534.

He painted many easel pictures, which are to be seen in the great galleries of Europe, also altar pieces and frescos. Of the latter is the famous decoration in the cupola of the church of San Giovanni in Parma, and also in that of the Cathedral.

To aid the reader in looking at the technical qualities of the picture, we quote from "The Great Painters" (Harcourt, Brace & Company), by Edith R. Abbot:

"Altho Correggio died in 1534, it is impossible to study his work without being conscious of the break with the convention of earlier painting. The tendency to astonish which constituted the essential characteristic of the Baroque is already well developed. This is illustrated in all his typical altar-pieces, in which he departs more and more from the old balanced composition.

"For the emphasis on the median line and equal balance, whether strictly symmetric or unsymmetric, Correggio substitutes a strong diagonal from corner to corner of his picture, or swings the masses into the form of an S. The whole composition becomes uneasy, and the poses melodramatic.

"It is with later art that we are obliged to compare his work with the seventeenth century in composition, and again with the eighteenth century French art in conception. There is no other Italian artist whose work shows so dainty a sophistication, such small and perfectly formed hands, with their pink finger-tips, such bright-eyed invitation.

"It is in the execution of bits here and there that Correggio is ravishing, and there is no canvas of his where they may not be found. All the gaiety and happiness of these sylvan creatures without mind or soul gathers about the pearly child—but that child is the Christ Child, not Dionysius, as one might expect!"

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The Holy Day in the Holiday

IN HIS NAME, a Merry Christmas!

But remember, we are advised, the spirit of Holy Day should not be lost in the spirit of holiday.

With that suggestion, we may recall, tho not that it makes any great difference when the event of Bethlehem is celebrated, that the actual date of the birth of Christ is not known.

As we are reminded in the Boston *Evening Transcript's* department of "The Churchman Afield," December 25, tho universally recognized now, is not by any means the only date that has been kept as Christmas.

Prior to the fourth century, different Christian communities often had different dates. Christmas has been commemorated in March, in September, in January, as well as in December.

The chief influence in determining our present date, we read, was the incidence of the winter solstice, which from old has been a time of festival. It was around it that the Roman Saturnalia gathered. Because the solstice marked the shortest day and the sun began again his upward course, there was a feeling of joy and relief. Men knew that spring was coming to touch the sleeping earth and bring light and joy in her train. It was one of those pagan festivals which were a constant problem to the Church, and in the end the Church took over the old date so fixt in the customs of the people, and sought to graft the Christmas festival into the old pagan tree.

"Thus," says "The Churchman Afield," "we owe no small debt to those ancient festivals, of which Yule log and mistletoe are still an evidence, for this so appropriate setting of Christmas. The season comes as a restful pause, and sets our lives to a new music, ready for the New Year."

YET, perhaps, in the midst of our merrymaking we have become prone to forget the great central event which the season commemorates. For—

"Christmas, like other high days in the calendar, is a holy day before it is a holiday, a ritual of remembrance—a festival of the Christ child, of a coming beyond all telling wonderful, that has changed the face and the course of history.

"There is something unseemly in taking a day, so unique in its reference and its opportunity, and so changing its purpose as to do almost anything except the one thing, to remember.

"Christmas, merely as a holiday—a day in which eating and drinking take the place of work—is a poor affair. The day has then lost its real content and significance, and however boisterous the spirits may be, they are far removed from the true Christmas spirit.

"We may presume to have shared in that spirit, and yet in reality have come nowhere near it. Apart from its religious meaning, the day loses its proper flavor, its thrill, and wondering joy.

"It should be a pilgrimage of the spirit to a manger and the Divine Child, a participation in all the holy happenings of that day, from the angel hymn to the worship and the bringing of gifts. The more we enter into that, the wonder and romance of it, the more truly shall we keep Christmas, and the more deeply know the Christmas spirit.

"That is the sort of approach that Advent has in view. It prepares for the true joy of Christmas."

CHRISTMAS, we are reminded, is not merely a day. It is a season.

In the Church's calendar four Advent Sundays precede the great day of the feast. They are days of preparation, marking a period of anticipation to help us in our appreciation of the central event of the Christian faith.

In Bethlehem "the dreams of the ages came true; 'the Word became Flesh' and dwelt among men, and those who saw the light and love in that life felt that God had indeed 'visited and redeemed His people.'" And, continues "The Churchman Afield":

"The light that shines there is manifold, and even yet is only dimly seen and followed.

"In that manger the Divine and human meet.

"There as not elsewhere may we know the sanctity and blessing of homely, simple, human services and affections.

"For that manger has consecrated them forever.

"That is one of the central facts of our religion.

"The Incarnation is the answer to all dualistic theories of life that fix a gulf between divine and human. It is the revelation of the divine in and through the human, the irradiation and redemption of the commonplace.

"It is the fulfilling of that ancient and beautiful dream of a ladder set up from earth to heaven, the assurance that the common ways and wanderings of life shall be brightened with a divine ray.

"That is the uniqueness of Christianity. Its spirituality is inclusive rather than exclusive. It makes no demand that we should stop life in order to become religious, as in the case of fakir and ascetic.

"It does not ask us to trample on a single healthy human instinct, or to despise any truly human duty in the interests of a false and anemic spirituality."

Comprising it all in a sentence:

"A manger and a wooden cross, a cup of cold water and a widow's mite—the home at Nazareth—the friendships of Bethany—on these the light falls.

"To worship at Bethlehem should renew vision and restore faith in the possibilities of *our* life.

"It ought to mean new hallowings and new inspirations.

"For the light of that manger falls right across life and toil; the halo is no mere priestly fancy, it is the very truth of God.

"Especially does it shine about all child life. It is there in the humblest place, around every cradle and in the poorest home, for even manger and stable failed to hide that light.

"Christmas is thus a supreme opportunity, the calendar's Crowning Mercy. 'Let us go even unto Bethlehem' can do great things for us. The hours taken for such pilgrimages of the spirit are not wasted. It seems necessary to insist on that in our strenuous and fevered days.

"The old artist, whose friends found him with a far-off look in his eyes, and brush idle in his hands, replied to their protests that in such hours he made most progress, the hours of dream and of vision."

Black and Silver

By Grace Noll Crowell

WITHIN dark firs on Christmas nights
Men set their strange and glowing fires—
The red and green and purple lights
Of globes that burn on unseen wires.

But on His birth-night, none of these.
The black and silver of the skies
Were all the colors then; the trees
Were left unlit before His eyes.

And black and silver was His way—
Ah, darkened was the road He went;
But many a silver night and day
Among Judean hills He spent.

And down beside the silver sea
He taught and healed until the light
Had gone from glittering Galilee
And left Him homeless in the night.

Then silver was His price at last,
And black the hill that will not dim!
Ah, black and silver! still they cast
Their shadows down the years for Him.

—*The Household Magazine, Topeka.*

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Christian Talkies to Avert War

FILM AND RELIGION!

Both are united in a sensational warning to the world issued by the Archbishop of Prague, Dr. Franz Kordac.

The source as well as the substance of the prelate's utterance must entitle it to universal attention, declares the *Berliner Tageblatt*, from which we take it.

The Archbishop's words are prompted by the international educational "film" bulletin of the League of Nations.

He emphasizes the propaganda value of the "talkies" in religion as a thing better understood in Anglo-Saxon nations than by the Powers of the continent of Europe.

Catholics, he declares, "in their indolence" have permitted themselves to be surpassed in this field by the "Russian Reds."

This neglect must be atoned for.

But Catholics must not restrict their talkies and their movies, warns the Archbishop, to lives of the saints.

"The lives of the saints," says the Archbishop, "too often bore people."

Rather must the main interest in Catholic films be concentrated upon social problems.

The eminent ecclesiastic is further quoted in the Berlin newspaper:

"If Saint Paul were alive at this hour he would use the talkies and films to spread the gospel.

"In an unmoral, unfruitful, infertile capitalism we have the fundamental cause of the general decadence of the age.

"We dwell in an epoch of historical upheaval upon a scale never witnessed since the great migrations of the peoples that overthrew the Greco-Roman period of civilization.

"Then occurred the vast blood bath of Christianity.

"Great events emerge only out of a sea of blood.

"Conditions preliminary to such bloodshed are presented in human society, and they have but to reach their culminating moment.

"This was what the Soviets saw with great clearness of vision.

"They used every lever they could apply to move the rollers of this catastrophe, which we shall not escape.

"Wo to the nation whose statesmen do not foresee this catastrophe!

"Wo to the nation whose statesmen foresee this inevitable catastrophe, and who yet do not heed the signs!

"The time is ripe for a world revolution.

"If the rulers and the capitalists will not recognize the laws of Christianity, the whole world will be consumed in a sea of red flame!"

THE words of the Archbishop of Prague afford intense edification to the Socialist *Arbeiter-Zeitung* of Vienna. It hopes that the "anti-Marxian Austrian prelates" will take their cue accordingly. Besides which:

"It is a Prince of the Church, and no Marxian, who cries these uneasy warnings through the world.

"He dares to speak of a general collapse of society as the fruit of a conscienceless capitalism.

"A social chaos, he says, calls itself social order.

"Socialism is to him a mustard seed, as Christianity once was.

"He calls for training in democracy.

"He hints at world revolution.

"These are indeed points of view at the opposite pole from those of the Austrian reactionary prelates who preach despotism and militarism.

"Outside of our country there are, then, Catholic prelates who can look at history from a comprehensive point of view.

"You will look for such ecclesiastics vainly in Austria."

For Christmas

By Violet Alleyn Storey

AND what do I want for Christmas?
Perfumes and jewels to wear?
Nay, such were the gifts that kings bore
Who thought a King was there,
When in the darkness, on the hay,
A Babe in need of comfort lay.

Then what do I want for Christmas?
To watch a Star with you
In wonder, still as the shepherds';
To hear songs fill the blue,
And, dreaming of that Babe asleep,
To have a child's faith, sweet and deep!

—*Good Housekeeping, New York.*

Is Chiang's Conversion Real?

CHRISTIANS MAY WELL GO SLOWLY in hailing the conversion of President Chiang Kai-shek of China, we are warned by some observers, who rather sadly recall the "conversions" of other famous leaders.

But others, after making all necessary discounts, incline to think that President Chiang's entry into the Christian fold is a genuine act of faith which will encourage the whole Chinese Church.

As noted in these pages, November 8, President Chiang was baptized by the Rev. Z. T. Kaung, pastor of the Young Allen Memorial Church, Shanghai, founded by American missionaries of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. The event is said to have taken China by surprize, tho the President's wife—educated at Wesleyan College, Macon, Georgia—had long been a Christian. And some American editors have accepted the news rather cynically.

"Ordinarily," comments *The Christian Century* (Undenominational), "the conversion to Christianity of the President of China under such circumstances [the intense antireligious agitation of eight years] would cause rejoicing throughout the Church in every part of the world." But we are reminded somewhat forcibly of those two conspicuous Christian converts—Dr. Sun Yat Sen and Marshal Feng Yu-hsiang—of whom, says *The Christian Century*, "it can at least be said that their affiliation has not worked to increase the spiritual power of the Christian enterprise."

AMONG the things to be considered now, notes the Chicago journal, is the Nanking Government's pressing need for a foreign loan. "Whatever the popular opinion of Christianity in China to-day, the leaders of the Nanking Government—many of whom are enrolled Christians—know that it will not lessen Western interest in their government to have a baptized Christian at its head. It is not beyond the bounds of possibility, therefore, that they may have had very immediate and practical advantages in mind in encouraging the President to take this step."

Finally, in the opinion of *The Christian Century*, there is danger in "the emphasis placed on General Chiang's conversion as a first step in a general and concerted campaign on the part of the Nanking Government to rid China of Communism." It is doubtful, we are told, that the measures of bloody repression formerly used will attain the desired ends. "And whether they do or not, to allow the impression to gain ground that Christianity is in the slightest degree responsible for or interested in such massacres is to insure its downfall as a source of spiritual regeneration."

IN view of these considerations, then, *The Christian Century* thinks that "Christians everywhere will be well advised not to greet the announcement of General Chiang's baptism as any sure indication of a forward stride in China on the part of the Kingdom of God."

Tho it would give full credit for sincerity to General Chiang, *The Religious Telescope* (United Brethren in Christ) observes that "from past incidents of a similar character the Christian world must reserve judgment. Such a step on the part of a high official of a non-Christian nation so often is involved in matters of political expediency, or prompted by a mercenary motive, or may yet fail to exemplify a genuine conversion of the Christian

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faith, that it remains to be seen whether it is a gain or a liability to Christianity."

The conversion of General Chiang is paralleled with that of Constantine, which, says the Dayton journal, "was more a matter of policy, a cross between paganism and Christianity, than a matter of the true faith. It made Christianity a matter of policy, a cross between a religion and a political system. And Christianity never has been what it was prior to that unfortunate 'conversion.'"

However, the New York *Christian Advocate* (Methodist) believes that after making the proper discounts, "the fact remains that the act brings credit to Chinese missions and prestige to the cause of Christianity in the republic." And *The Advocate* argues that—

"It is not parallel with the conversion of the emperor Constantine, which marked the swing of the Roman Empire to the faith of the Cross, and it is scarcely likely to be followed by wholesale professions of conversion.

"Let us hope not! The accession of sincere believers of whatever social rank will strengthen the Church, but the irruption of thousands of Chinese who take the name of Christian because it has become the religion of the executive mansion will bring only weakness in its train.

"But we will not fail to congratulate General Chiang that he has learned enough of Christ to desire to be enrolled as His follower. And we will pray that he may come to know his new Master intimately, and to reflect His Spirit in his civil and military administration."

Even more optimistic is Prof. Archibald G. Baker of the chair of missions in the Divinity School of the University of Chicago, who interprets for *The Baptist* the significance of General Chiang's conversion.

"Primarily," writes Professor Baker, "this appears to have been a personal and domestic affair between the President, his family, and his God." Its most immediate effects, says this authority, will be felt within the Kuomintang party itself and within the Christian Church. Professor Baker sets forth his reasons for this belief:

"Revolutionary China soon discovered that the Confucian philosophy of life was too autocratic to provide a sure basis for democracy. The young intellectuals then turned to the West for a new philosophy of national awakening.

"Three alternatives presented themselves. First, Christian idealism combined with a trust in the God of nations; second, a naturalistic philosophy of self-help through the application of scientific methods to social and economic problems, both coming from the West by way of the sea; and, finally, Russian Communism, coming overland from the North.

"Two years of experimentation have eliminated Communism from the party, altho, be it noted, not from the country.

"As the Nanking wing is now composed, it consists of a majority which is anti-religious and anti-Christian, which believes that the introduction of the Christian religion has nothing more to contribute than the importation of Communism.

"China must be spared from all such superstitions and doctrinaire schemes, and work out her own salvation by more practical methods. This is the element that has led the attack upon Christian schools.

"The minority is either Christian, or is more tolerant in attitude. It is this minority which will be strengthened by the President's avowal of his faith.

"Christianity will gain somewhat in prestige both in the councils of the government and throughout the area under its control; the severity of the opposition will be tempered with moderation; but as yet there is no reason to expect that the regulations touching the registration of mission schools will be radically modified.

"These regulations are the symbol of the supremacy of governmental over missionary authority, and as such they will stand.

"The situation, then, is both promising and precarious.

"From now on, one man becomes the symbol of Christianity in China; and his conduct, good or bad, successful or the reverse, will add odium or honor to the cause of Christ.

"Even yet, the Christian movement must win out by its own inherent worth and not by advantages or glory coming from those in high places."

Supplanting Santa with a Snake

SANTA CLAUS HAS BEEN BANISHED from Mexico, but the little Mexican children need not weep at the fall of the mystic figure whose only mission in life is to bring joy to childish hearts.

Another will take his place, and the good work will go on.

It is simply because Santa Claus, as we know him, with his heavy red coat, red-pointed cap and top-boots, is an incongruous figure in a warm climate that the Mexican Ministry of Education has issued an order against his appearance. A figure heavily swathed in furs and wool wraps and driving a sleigh drawn by reindeer naturally looks out of place in a land where there is no snow except on mountain tops.

So the Mexican children are to look hereafter for their favors to the Aztec god Quetzalcoatl, who appears in the guise of a feathered snake. The humanized form as conceived for the Mexican Santa will be that of a short-bearded, white-haired figure similar to the American Santa Claus. What he will substitute for the reindeer and the sleigh is not announced. But that he will be able to do all that is expected of him goes without saying, of course.

The announcement of the Ministry of Education explains the change in a statement which refers to Quetzalcoatl as "the symbol of our aboriginal deities and of our Apostles, forerunners of our Christian civilization."

And as the New York *Herald Tribune*—a stanch believer in old Santa and all ancient Christmas customs—looks at it, there is good folklore logic behind the decision. Our Santa Claus no more belongs to a country with a mild December and a brilliant winter sun than Quetzalcoatl could be at home in New England or Scandinavia.

"For, disguise him as you will under meaningless names, Santa Claus is the fire god of the primordial Indo-European peoples, before their dispersal over Europe and Asia, and he can never be conjured up in his true character except where winter nights are long and cold, winter days gray and gloomy, and where the warmth and light of great hearth fires are appreciated as substitutes for the cold, dead sun.

"The old hearth god of our savage forebears was all year round the witness to the family's trials and joys, sins and good deeds.

"Then at the winter solstice, for the twelve days that the supreme sun god was on vacation or was in the throes of a phenixlike rebirth, he became the sun's deputy on earth, and dispensed rewards and punishment in each household according to the record of merit that he had kept throughout the year.

"Our Teutonic ancestors at that season propitiated him by rolling in the great yule log, anointed with mead, oil, and honey, and huge enough to burn for twelve days and nights.

"The Aryans of the Vedic period fed him *soma*, the sacrificial wine, and milk, and sang hymns to Agni, the fire god, which still survive. The cousins of these folk went into China four thousand years ago and planted there the tradition of Ts'ao Wang, the hearth god; so the Chinese still propitiate him at midwinter with fire offerings and smear his mouth with syrup so that he can not recite his observations for the year upon their shortcomings."

And, continues *The Herald Tribune*, in reminiscent vein:

"When the German peasant girl has a secret that she can confide to no one else, she tells it to the little red-cloaked figure, in red-pointed cap, that stands in a niche in the hearth.

"When the Chinese girl has a similar burden on her soul she tells it to Ts'ao Wang, whose picture on the kitchen wall shows him clad in precisely the same garb. When he comes in state each year, as the sun's deputy, whether to the children of America or to the grown-up children of a Chinese mountain village, he comes from the Far North, because all the old gods of our tribal fathers lived in the firmament around the North Star.

"The Christian apostles to the forests of Teutonia found that the hearth god was one heathen deity whom they could not exorcise, so they put up with him, literally christened him St. Nicholas, and let him live on for the children's sake."

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CURRENT POETRY

UNSOLICITED CONTRIBUTIONS TO THIS DEPARTMENT CAN NOT BE RETURNED. UNPUBLISHED POETRY UNAVAILABLE

A PICTURE that makes you shiver in *Carmel Pine Cone* (Carmel-by-the-Sea). Credited by this organ to "The Wanderer."

THE SEA

BY JOHN R. MORELAND

Beneath a sky
  Of mazarin,
The waves are high
  And carved and thin.

The wind, knout-like,
  Cuts to the bone,
The sea is fretted
  Whipped and blown.

The tide is flood;
  The tide runs white;
The keen salt spray
  How sharp its bite.

And waves of jade
  One after one
Shatter their beauty
  On dull stone.

Two poems in *The Commonweal* (New York) deal with nature from the standpoint of the pietist:

HORIZON

BY EILEEN DUGGAN

The sky is summered into trance,
The sea is caught up too,
And with what passion of amaze
Over their meeting
Blue broods into blue.

So might a saint in ecstasy,
His heaven hot and bare,
Stumble upon another saint,
And with no greeting,
Kneel into his prayer.

MORE I CANNOT ASK

BY ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

My window to the west,
  My eyes upon a lake,
More I cannot ask
  For my comfort's sake.

I see my sunset twice,
  My evening star is double,
Two eternities
  To quiet me in trouble.

When the wind brings clouds,
  The waves run scalloped white,
Voices very vast
  Speak to me at night.

The world is never twice
  The same with water under,
Today reflected birds,
  Tomorrow double thunder.

The *English Review* (London) gives us another version of that postponed eloquence delivered in a cab on the way home from a dinner, when our speech seemed flat:

WORDS

BY ENID CLAY

When you have left me, I think
Of all that I meant to say:—
Things that would give you delight:—
Witty and tender, and gay;
How you would rise to my mood—
Show that you understood.

Words are such transient things;
Thoughts are too hidden for speech;
Probe them—they shrink in dismay:—
Lure them, they fly from our reach;
Only our eyes convey,
Questioning, each to each,

The wonderful, beautiful things.
That we meant to say.

A GOOD bit of social wisdom culled from *The New Yorker:*

TOO MUCH TALK

BY ANGELA CYPHER

Too much trivial
  Conversation
Spoils the marital
  Relation.

All the greatest
  Vamps of history
Specialized
  In charm and mystery.

If your wedded
  Life is seamy,
Strive to look
  Aloof and dreamy.

If you have
  A sense of humor
Let it seem
  Unfounded rumor.

Solemn men
  Would pay good money.
If their wives
  Were never funny;

Nervous men
  Would be more placid
If their wives
  Were never acid;

Stolid men
  Might grow ecstatic
If their wives
  Were less dramatic.

Silence is
  A point to score on,
Too much talk
  Betrays the moron.

THE Greek anthology is endlessly fascinating to translators. This one, offered by the London *Spectator*, picks the drab reflections of an ancient who is singularly modern:

FROM THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY (vii. 472)

LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM (early 3d century B.C.)

BY EDWYN BEVAN

Measureless time or ever, thy years, O man, were
  reckon'd;
  Measureless time shall run over thee, low in the
  ground;
And thy life between is—what? The flick of a
  flying second,
  A flash, a point—or less, if a lesser thing can be
  found.

Poor little life!—not even, so fugitive, fill'd with
  pleasure!
  Hateful is death, but life hath a bitterer taste of
  tears.
Behold the groundwork of bones! Exactly drawn
  to that measure,
  Do ye exalt your brows, O men, to the cloudy
  spheres?

Nay, my friend, what use? The tissue wherewith
  thou art clothèd,
  See at its end the worm, in the rag of the weftage
  undone,
Like a slough'd skin, like a skeleton leaf, more
  loathèd
  Far than some dusty web which an old dead
  spider spun.

Study, morning by morning, O man, how much
  thy strength is;
  So find rest: be a life plain, without pride, thy
  law:
All thy days upon earth, how long soever their
  length is,
  Ponder of what thou art made, that thou art but
  a man of straw.

THAT Nature should tune in harmony with man's sorrows or joys is sometimes expected, but she goes on her own way unmindful, as the New York *Times* shows:

EVEN TO-DAY

BY ELIZABETH NEWPORT HEPBURN

Nature ignores our mortal agonies;
  In time of war birds sing and sunsets flare
  And Beauty lingers in the crystal air,
Mocking man's grief with lyric ecstasies.

And yet . . . I wonder! Is it mockery
  Or does she subtly soothe our loneliness,
  Lighten our losses and our unsuccess
By the enchantment of her mystery?

Today our world is gray; want, chill and grim,
  Stalks splendid streets. The gay, the proud,
    the strong
  Seem by one sullen current swept along,
And even golden Youth looks tarnished, dim.

Yet still the flag of Beauty flutters high;
  These Autumn days are like a carnival,
  Gray pigeons and gay children throng the Mall
Beneath the azure splendor of the sky!

A POEM in *Harper's* that takes us out in the barn—and gives us the hint of the hazards of any new life in the cold season:

WHITE CHRISTMAS

BY MARGARET EMERSON BAILEY

This is December, and zero weather;
This is the season of less, not more.
But better get ready the empty manger,
Pitchfork straw on the draughty floor.

A pretty time for a cow to be calving.
What does she think will become of her young?
But bolt the door from the flying snowflakes,
Slam it to where the sill has sprung.

Am I to fetch clover as I fetch water,
With ice on the pasture, ice on the sedge?
But though cold as a barn, this needn't be colder,
Stuff an old shirt in the window ledge.

You'd think she'd know there was nothing to grow
  on;
That frosty hay is poor fodder for milk.
But lift the oil lamp to the furthermost corner—
Eyes like stars and a coat like silk.

Where has the heart of winter a warm spot
For any creature so newly born?
But look at the milk-white breath of the cattle,
The warm white breath of the lowing cattle,
Taking the chill off of Christmas morn.

HERE we see the French poet of the nineteenth century echoing the thought of the English Herrick of the seventeenth. Only he restricts his address to one sex. *The Saturday Review* (London) offers this new translation:

TO A YOUNG GIRL

(*From the French of Théodore de Banville*).

Girl, of melancholy free,
Fair as the suns of Italy,
Cherish thy life's intensity.

For this is wisdom, to love wine,
Beauty, and the Spring divine.
The rest is vain. These joys are thine.

Smile at destiny severe,
And when returns the spring of year
Pluck its flowers for thy hair.

To the dead heart, entombed, what may
Remain from life, and light, and day
But memory of love and May?

Warningly grave dreamers say
"Seek effects and causes, pray."
These are but words. Come, pluck the day.

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A Discriminating Clientele

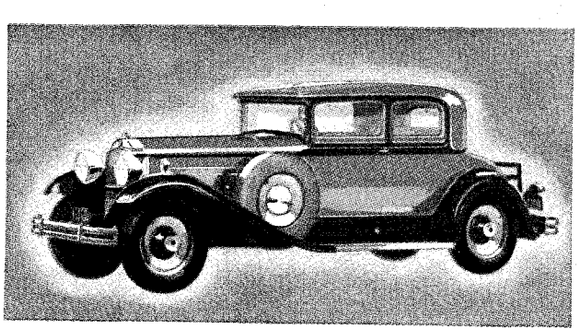
To the master armourers of Renaissance Italy, such peerless craftsmen as Cellini, Negroli and Pieinini, came the great knights and nobles of all Europe for that richly embossed, etched and inlaid harness which combined beauty with utility. They enjoyed the patronage of the great

FAMILIES of taste and discernment throughout the world have chosen Packard cars for two generations. Packard for more than 30 years has designed and built only for the discriminating—and, logically, has been rewarded by the patronage of a distinguished clientele.

Today the ranks of Packard owners are steadily growing. Many whose first choice has always been a Packard have learned that they can enjoy the luxury and prestige of Packard transportation at costs no greater than they pay for motoring in their compromise cars.

Operating costs, of course, do not differ appreciably between a Packard Standard Eight and other cars of like size and power. And depreciation, the most important cost of car ownership, is no greater for the Packard if it is driven proportionately longer, as records show most Packards are.

Perhaps you, too, are *paying for a Packard* without enjoying its luxury and distinction. If you are—*why not own one?* Any Packard man will gladly come to your home and give you the interesting facts and figures.



PACKARD

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

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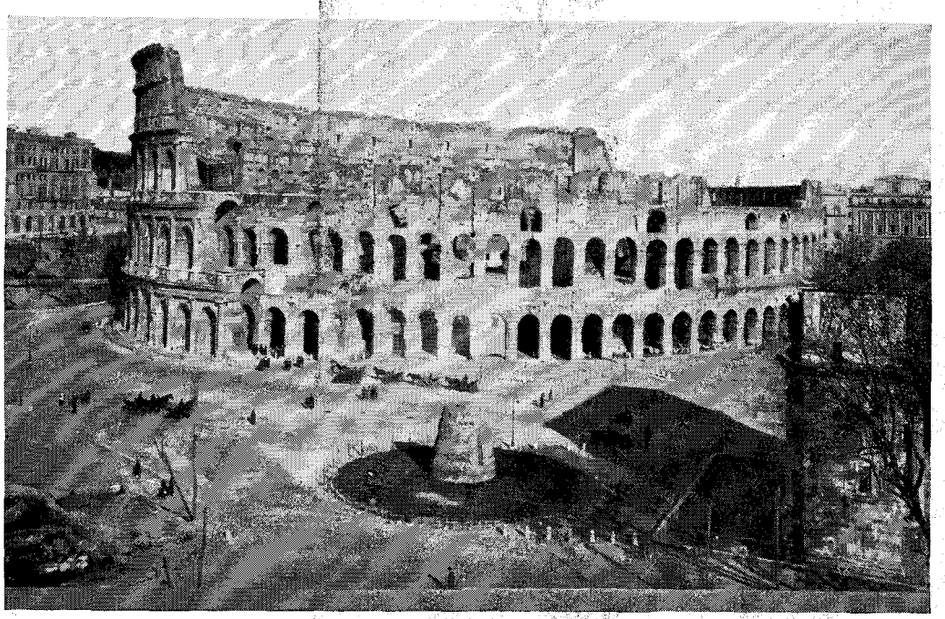
SCIENCE AND INVENTION

King Concrete

"THE STONE THAT YOU CAN MOLD"—this is what President Frank H. Smith of the Portland Cement Association calls it, in the title of an article contributed to *The Highway Builder* (Harrisburg, Pa.).

Concrete is a very old material. How lasting it is, any one may see who inspects the masses of it in the structures, such as the Coliseum, built by the ancient Roman engineers, two thousand years ago. The medieval Roman nobles stole all the marble casing of these buildings to put it into their palaces, but they had to leave the concrete. Nothing short of TNT would budge it.



A Concrete Example of Concrete's Durability

The Coliseum in Rome. "The medieval Roman nobles stole all the marble casing to put into their palaces, but they had to leave the concrete. Nothing short of TNT would budge it."

Nowadays, concrete goes into hard roads, skyscrapers, bridges, dams, sea-walls—anything that must be solid and durable. Says Mr. Smith:

"Almost two years ago, a tall, gray-haired gentleman gingerly placed one foot, then the other, in a freshly mixed block of concrete.

"Walking across, he painstakingly and boldly inscribed his name in the soft mixture.

"The name indelibly inscribed was that of Thomas A. Edison—placed there at the suggestion of Henry Ford, in order to preserve for posterity remembrances of a man to whom the world owes eternal homage.

"It is doubly appropriate that the footprints and signature of Mr. Edison have been thus preserved at the Ford Museum, at Greenfield, near Detroit, Michigan. Few know that, many years ago, Edison spent countless hours in perfecting the rotary cement-kiln—the largest piece of moving machinery used in all industry. Modern kilns as long as 375 feet, built in line with Edison's ideas, have at one end a hissing jet of flame, thirty feet long. As the cement ingredients travel toward this flame, they are burned at temperatures actually much hotter than those of a volcano—some 2,500 to 3,000 degrees Fahrenheit."

PLACING the footprints of Mr. Edison in concrete symbolizes not only the permanency of the material but the ease with which it can be formed to any desired shape. But what about this commonplace but magic material, asks Mr. Smith. How is it made, and where did it get its name? He goes on to answer:

"From the crust of the earth come its ingredients, principally limestone and clay or shale.

"Out of the quarry we see shipped a trainload of ordinary appearing rock. It journeys to the cement plant, usually located near by. There we see these great rocks crusht into bits and, finally, ground to a fine powder. This material is then forced into the long kilns and burned.

"But what emerges from the kiln is not powder but hard, black balls, about the size of marbles. Huge grinding machines take this and pulverize it. With a little gypsum added, to regulate its rate of hardening, this material, finer than flour, is now Portland cement—truly a stone that you can mold."

City and country are now tied together by 75,000 miles of concrete rural roads, we read, and a farm State like Iowa is laying four miles of concrete pavement a day. Furthermore:

"And now it seems that a new era in railroad transportation is in the offing; one of the important railroads has built a rigid concrete subbase over which the tracks are laid. It is believed that this is a forerunner of high-speed rail transportation.

"Looking further, we now find airports building concrete runways for taking off and landing. At Indianapolis, a series of runways contains enough concrete to pave nearly five miles of twenty-foot rural roads.

"The next ranking use of cement is in structural concrete, in commercial, industrial, and private buildings. By the very nature of its make-up, concrete may be molded into buildings in the twinkling of an eye, as compared with the rate of construction of yesterday. Not long ago, the twenty-one-story Whitehall apartment hotel, in Chicago, shot skyward, in the dead of winter, at the rate of two complete stories a week.

"Many of the structures you are now in are supported by concrete columns, with fire-resisting concrete floors, or in steel frame buildings in which the steel-work is encased in concrete, for fire protection. Altogether, about one-fourth of all cement goes into such structures."

MOST appealing of all concrete's uses, it seems, is a new thing which is rapidly developing:

"This is the use of concrete to serve both as an adornment and as a structural medium, and all in one piece. The building of one-piece, or monolithic, buildings is actually creating a new form of architecture, an architecture of undisguised concrete with clean, sincere lines, of decoration which is not an afterthought but an integral part of the structure. With concrete, it is just about as easy to erect a beautifully simple structure as it is a building of no personality or beauty, and without forbidding expenses. Concrete is a stone that you can mold into any desired shape.

"All over the country, concrete is being shot through guns—guniting it is called. Concrete, without large rocks in it, is being forced into highly inaccessible places through tubes under high air-pressure. In the Lower Rio Grande Valley of Texas, water canals are now being lined with this gunite. Not only is the capacity of the ditches being increased, and water saved, but also valuable land, made useless by large earth ditches and leakage, is being made available for cultivation. In one instance, a strip of land, 100 feet wide and fifteen miles long, was saved by guniting a ditch—250 acres of land worth a half-million dollars!

"Another use that more intimately concerns most of us is that of concrete in the home. To-day we find thinking people of moderate means building homes that will last several generations; homes that will resist fire. The best insurance is to build structures that won't burn."

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Cloudbursts

CLOUDS DO NOT BURST.

The name was given years ago to torrential downpours of rain, when their causes were not fully understood.

In many cases, persons who have witnessed these sudden, violent rains, report that the water seems to fall in streams instead of drops.

Dr. Charles F. Talman, of the U. S. Weather Bureau, says in *Popular Mechanics* (Chicago) that most cloudbursts are due to violent uprushes of air at the beginning of a thunder-storm, carrying the drops up instead of permitting them to fall. When they do fall, a great quantity of water comes down at once.

When such a shower takes place in the mountains, just above a narrow gorge, the gorge may fill with a rushing torrent in a few minutes. We read:

"Several destructive cloudbursts are reported every year in the United States.

"Last fall, while the most severe drought in American history was at its height, two of these events made first-page news in the daily press.

"One took place in the twin towns of Nogales, on both sides of the boundary between Arizona and Mexico, where semi-desert conditions usually prevail. A sudden downpour during the night converted the streets into raging torrents and a score of people were drowned.

"In the other case, a temporary river, several feet deep, roared down the single long street of Bingham Canyon, Utah, below the world-famous open-cut mine of the Utah Copper Company.

"Three houses were washed away, and mud was piled up, in places, to a height of eight feet.

"A cloudburst is an excessively heavy local downpour of rain, of comparatively brief duration. In its intensity and its concentration in space and time, it bears much the same relation to a wide-spread heavy rain-storm as does a tornado to an ordinary cyclonic storm. The name of the phenomenon is popular rather than scientific, and no hard-and-fast definition of this name has ever been adopted.

"Of course, we know to-day that a cloud is merely a collection of very fine droplets, and not a coherent mass, such as might be subject to any process of rupture. Moreover, modern research has revealed the fact that the clouds contain surprizingly little water.

"The densest clouds are probably not more than one part water to 30,000 parts air, and it is computed that, if a huge thunder-cloud several miles in depth were, through a miracle, precipitated en masse to the ground at the maximum speed of falling rain, the resulting rainfall would be decidedly less intense than often occurs in so-called cloudbursts.

"One of the fastest showers ever measured with an automatic rain-gage was that of May 1, 1908, at Porto Bello, on the Isthmus of Panama, in which 2.47 inches fell in three minutes. This rate of fall was surpassed on April 5, 1926, at Opid's Camp, in the San Gabriel mountains of California, when 1.02 inches of rain—equivalent to 115 tons of water per acre—fell in one minute. This remarkable downpour was caught by two automatically recording gages, standing side by side, and as their records agreed, the figure just quoted is entirely trustworthy."

WHILE this figure stands, for the time being, as a world record, it certainly does not represent, in Dr. Talman's opinion, the greatest possible intensity of a cloudburst. Evidence of much more excessive falls is supplied by huge holes, known as "cloudburst cavities," found after cloudbursts, and evidently produced by the impact of the falling water, and not by rapid run-off. Observers have described these cavities in some cases as resembling the work of the hydraulic "giant" used by gold miners. To quote further:

"Eye-witnesses of cloudbursts have frequently described the water as coming down in masses or streams, rather than in drops.

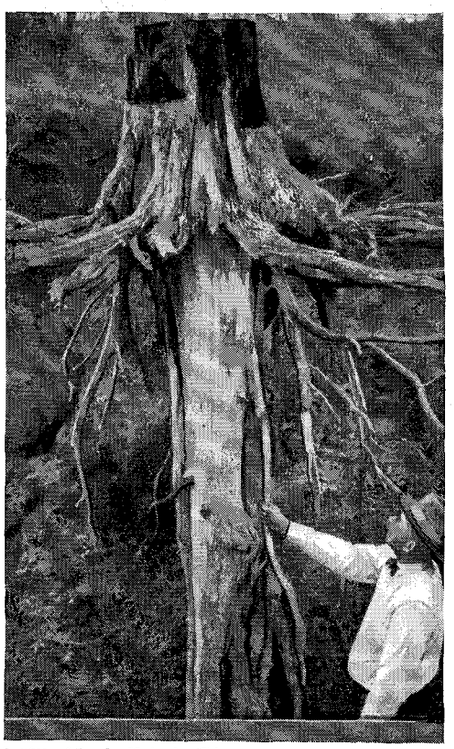
"The earlier scientific attempts to account for these tremendous downpours assumed that the water was due to rapid condensation in the vortex of a tornado or waterspout, and hence the name 'waterspout' was formerly often applied to a cloudburst, even when it occurred far from any body of water.

"The rainfall attending a tornado is doubtless sometimes of cloudburst intensity, but the majority of cloudbursts are now believed to be the product of thunder-storms. Violent uprushing currents of air always occur at the front of an advancing thunder-storm. Moisture in the air drawn into the storm by these currents condenses as it rises, on account of the cooling of the air by expansion, but the upward blast is so strong that for a time the water is prevented from falling as rain.

"If the rising currents are weakened at some point, a large accumulation of water is permitted to fall at one time. This is especially likely to occur when a traveling thunder-storm, which is fed by rising streams of air from overheated ground, passes over the cooler surface of a mountain, so that its supply of warm air is temporarily cut off. This would explain the special frequency of cloudbursts in mountainous regions.

"The rainfall and run-off of cloudbursts produce their most striking effects in lands where the normal rainfall is so light that there is little or no vegetation to protect the ground from washing. The weirdly sculptured landscapes of the Bad Lands are the result of occasional torrential showers in a region where dry weather is generally prevailing.

"A cloudburst is rarely a welcome event, but one that happened near Lake City, Colorado, in the summer of 1929 scoured the hillsides and laid bare valuable deposits of ore, starting a small gold rush to the locality. A similar downpour many years ago in the same region is said to have brought to view several million dollars' worth of gold and silver."



Courtesy of *Popular Mechanics* (Chicago)

A Cloudburst's Prank

The torrent washes out the earth from under a stump, leaving it hanging high in air, supported by its roots.

A Railway Car that Calls for Passengers

A NEW vehicle which will call for commuters at their front doors, climb on the tracks at the railway station for the trip to the city, and then climb off again when the city is reached and carry its passengers through the streets for delivery at their offices or other destinations is being tried in England by the London, Midland and Scottish Railway Company. Says Dr. E. E. Free in his *Week's Science* (New York):

"The vehicle's secret is the possession of two sets of wheels; one set provided with pneumatic tires for road travel like an ordinary bus, the other equipped with steel tires and flanges for travel on rails.

"Power is provided as in ordinary buses or rail cars, by a gasoline engine like that of an automobile truck. Drive and control are similar to those of ordinary buses.

"Special machinery is provided by which the driver can raise or lower either set of wheels, so that one set is out of the way while the other is in use. Air-brakes will work on either set of wheels, so that the vehicle may operate either as a one-coach railway train, with all usual conveniences and safety appliances, or as a road bus like any other. Competition with buses has dealt severe blows to British railways, largely because the buses make as good time for short trips as do the trains, and do not require changing vehicles at railway stations.

"The new rail-and-road vehicle will make still better time, it is expected, than ordinary buses, since it will be able to run faster while on the rails than a bus can run on the road. At the same time it will have all the convenience of the ordinary road bus."

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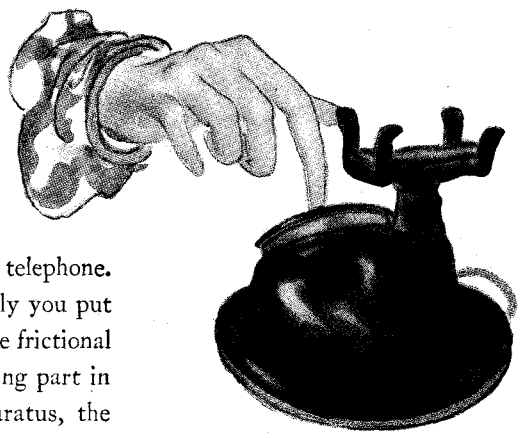
CORK

HELPS YOU GET THE *right* NUMBER



PICK up the new, automatic telephone. Dial your number. Instantly you put a piece of cork to work. For the frictional quality of cork gives it a leading part in the automatic switching apparatus, the mechanical "operator" that completes your call on the automatic dial telephone.

The work that the cork does hidden in the complicated insides of the automatic switchboard is only one of hundreds of services cork performs for every one of us. Daily, cork adds to the pleasure, the comfort, the speed of modern living.

Cork cushions our rides on an increasing number of modern railroad cars. Cork helps wind our electric clocks. It helps weave the cloth for the clothes we wear. It helps in the machines that wrap our bread and butter. It even helps to give "permanent waves."

Elastic, compressible, non-conductive, resistant to heat, cold, and moisture, this natural material from the countries around the Mediterranean, this outer bark of the cork oak tree, serves us in countless places.

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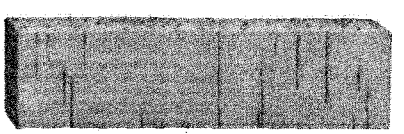
Armstrong's CORK



For free booklet, "Cork," write to the Armstrong Cork Company, 908 Ruby Street, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

* * *

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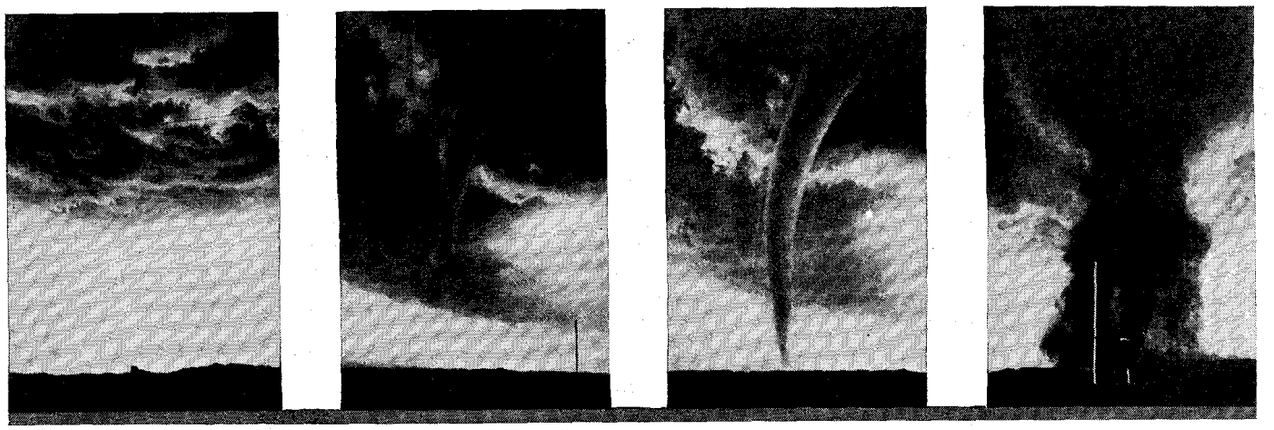

Keystone View photographs

Four Views Showing How a Twister Strikes the Earth

Lightning Calculators

THEY DO NOT REALLY CALCULATE, asserts an eminent French astronomer, Abbé Th. Moreux, director of the Bousger observatory.

They have simply marvelous memories for figures, and armed with these they solve problems by "trial and error."

Remarkable memories apply usually to special classes of things, says the Abbé. Lightning calculators remember figures; they have in their minds, for instance, "multiplication tables" that run up to hundreds of thousands.

Others remember words well; others, perhaps, locations. A good teacher, he says, should find out what kind of memory each pupil has, and then develop it in its own direction.

Says the Abbé in *Le Petit Journal* (Paris):

"Let us consider the two best-known French calculators—Mondeux and Inaudi.

"Ever since infancy, the former, who was a native of Touraine, had been performing complicated arithmetical operations. When he was twelve, the head of a school in Tours took him into his house and attempted to give him instruction. Alas! the child displayed only very mediocre ability, and his modest studies in no way increased his arithmetical facility. This was also true of Inaudi.

"At fifteen, Mondeux was presented to the Academy of Sciences and, to the great astonishment of the members of this learned body, solved almost instantly problems such as the following:

"Find a number such that its cube added to 84 will equal the product of that number by 37.

"Find two squares whose difference is 133.

"These problems are easy for those who understand how to solve them by algebra, but neither Mondeux nor Inaudi used this method, but employed that of trial and error. In other words, they knew by heart the products of very many numbers, and could thus calculate quickly, so that after a sufficient number of trials they could hit upon the desired result.

"This was, in fact, the explanation given me by Inaudi himself.

"I had given him an algebraic problem involving the finding of an unknown quantity. He told me he would give me the answer in one minute, and he made good his word. When I asked what his method was, he told me that he had simply tried sixty solutions in succession, or one per second. Thus during each successive second, by multiple operations he had ascertained the error existing between a supposed number and the one that he sought.

"As I have already said, this necessitates extraordinarily rapid calculation. Inaudi, for example, knows by heart a very extensive multiplication table. Just as we say automatically, 'Four times eight is thirty-two,' Inaudi will tell you instantly that 435 times 657 is 285,795.

"Almost all types of abnormal memory relate to only one class of subjects. The calculators can remember only numbers, others only words, still others only Christian names, and so on.

"In most cases this memory, as with Inaudi, is especially auditive. But when I was a professor, I knew of a considerable number of pupils endowed with a powerful visual memory. We can not undertake to decide whether an auditive or a visual memory is preferable, but it is an educator's business to find out for each pupil what mechanism he uses, and then to endeavor to perfect it. This method leads to almost miraculous results."

UNFORTUNATELY, remarks Abbé Moreux, on the pretext of memory development we make pupils learn by heart a quantity of passages which, as they are not inherently interesting, do not record themselves on the brain, for we retain well only what interests us. He adds:

"I knew a young man of very moderate intelligence, who learned his 'memory lessons' with difficulty. I succeeded in interesting him in botany. In a few years he knew by heart so many plant names that he astonished, in conversation, one of our most eminent French botanists. From this time, the memory of this particular person developed in still another direction most singularly—he became capable of telling what he had been doing, hour by hour, for thirty years past.

"When I was in college I had the reputation of having a very poor memory, which was quite true. It was very difficult for me to recite in order the hundreds of Latin verses that my comrades could do easily. Historical dates, too, were by no means my strong point. Now, at the present time, without having done anything in particular to bring about this result, I know by heart a quantity of dates and numbers, not to mention facts, relating to the sciences in general and to astronomy in particular. I can deliver a lecture on these subjects without notes.

"I know that I am a 'visual,' but that does not explain everything, and if we have to bring in automatism to justify the facts of remarkable memories, I should add that, in my opinion, it is especially the interest that we have in this or that subject which develops in us the faculty of retention with facility of recollection at the moment when we wish it."

A Tornado at Work

NUMEROUS PHOTOGRAPHS of the characteristic "funnel-shaped cloud" of active tornadoes have been taken. But a series of photographs, taken at intervals, showing just how the tornado strikes the earth, and what it does there, is more unusual.

Such a series, taken recently in Nebraska and reproduced in the New York *World*, gives a vivid idea of just how these twisters do their work. Says *The World*, in substance:

"These four pictures, taken in sequence, showing a tornado forming, descending to the earth, then sweeping over the surface, were snapt by Mrs. Roy Homer of Gothenburg, Nebraska, wife of a ranch owner.

"The sky became black, and the clouds appeared to roll together, as the first photograph shows. The funnel formed. The wind increased to shrieking velocity, accompanied by rain and hail, as shown in the second photograph. The tornado then appeared to leap over a part of the Homer ranch and descend again on a neighboring ranch, striking a small pond.

"All the water was sucked up in the cone, as shown in the third photograph. The cone roared on, striking a farmhouse farther away. The building seemed to explode and the cone was surrounded by dust and débris, as shown in the fourth photograph."

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES

True Tales of "Sherlock Holmes"

SHERLOCK HOLMES IN THE FLESH was on the case. "How did the murderer get in?" he asked as he bent his famous deductive faculties to solving the mystery.

Elderly Miss Marion Gilchrist had been murdered in her flat in the Scotch city of Glasgow on December 21, 1908.

Who had killed her? Who—and this was more important still—had not killed her?

The case was a mystery, impenetrable to many.

But unfortunate Oscar Slater had already been convicted of the crime and was serving a life-sentence for it.

"I can not get away from the conclusion," continued *Sherlock*—that lank, gray, hawk-featured hero of many mysteries—"that he had duplicate keys.

"In that case, all becomes comprehensible, for the old lady would hear the lock and would not be alarmed, thinking that Lambie [her servant, who was away on an errand] had returned. Thus she would know her danger only when the murderer rushed into the room, and would hardly have time to rise, receive the first blow, and fall, as she was found, beside the chair on which she had been sitting."

And so *Sherlock Holmes* buckled down to clearing up the case of Oscar Slater. He cleared it up, but it cost him 1,500 good, hard dollars. And that was unusual, to say the least, for murder mysteries usually meant money coming in, not going out, to *Sherlock Holmes*.

But here it is time to undeceive the reader. This is no tale of *Sherlock Holmes* from the pen of the late Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. It is a *Sherlock Holmes* story from his life—an actual murder mystery in which Sir Arthur contributed to the cause of justice at considerable cost to himself, as we have already said, receiving in return only what seemed "strange ingratitude" from the beneficiary of his efforts. We have permitted ourselves to imagine that the great detective of fiction might have reflected on the case, in words used by Sir Arthur to discuss it.

International

Guiding a Man from Mars

Oscar Slater, after his long imprisonment, had to apply to a bobby for tips on the highways and byways of London.

Sherlock Holmes and Sir Arthur were one and the same person, Vincent Starrett assures us in *The Golden Book*. *Sherlock*, we have always been told, was in real life a former teacher of the author, while Sir Arthur himself was usually regarded as standing rather in the position of Dr. Watson. But Mr. Starrett, who has been exploring in the author's autobiography and other writings, tells us this different story in his *Golden Book* article:

There can be little doubt that the real *Holmes* was Conan Doyle himself. In innumerable ways, throughout a life of extra ordinary service, the novelist demonstrated the truth of the assertion.

From first to last—as student, physician, writer, spiritualist, and prophet of the war—he was always the private detective, the seeker after hidden truths, the fathomer of obscure mysteries, the hound of justice upon the trail of injustice and official apathy.

To be sure, he has told us, time and again, that the original model for the immortal detective was Dr. Joseph Bell of Edinburgh, his one-time instructor in medicine; but Bell was only the suggestion, the accidental inspiration of the mind that was to create the sleuth of Baker Street.

Latent in Doyle, himself, was all that went to the making of *Sherlock Holmes*.

Mr. Starrett has drawn upon Sir Arthur's own writings for two true detective stories that have a distinctly *Sherlock Holmes* flavor, and in which Sir Arthur played the part of *Sherlock* with credit to himself—the cases of Oscar Slater and of George Edalji, cases in which the writer did not bring criminals to justice, but cleared the names of innocent, unjustly accused men.

THE case of Oscar Slater, to take up first the more celebrated of the two, began on the evening of December 21, 1908. Miss Marion Gilchrist, owner of a considerable amount of valuable jewelry, had lived in one apartment in Glasgow for thirty years. Her companion and servant at the beginning of the story was Helen Lambie.

On the evening in question, Lambie left the apartment to buy a newspaper and on her return found at the door a young man who occupied the apartment below. He told her that he had heard a disturbance in Miss Gilchrist's rooms, and had come up to see what might be wrong. Lambie unlocked the door, and a very strange thing happened.

A man came out of the flat, apparently about to speak. But he changed his mind and rushed down the stairs. Completely mystified and badly alarmed, Lambie and the young man went in, to find Miss Gilchrist's body lying by a chair, her head battered in.

But—and here was an unusual element in the case—none of the jewels, except a brooch, had been taken. A box of papers, however, had been ransacked.

Neither Miss Gilchrist's maid nor the neighbor could give a clear description of the man who had come out of the flat; but in due time Oscar Slater was arrested, charged with the crime, tried (unfairly as many thought), convicted, and sentenced to death. Later this sentence was commuted to life imprisonment.

Here it is that most murder mysteries end. But the story of Oscar Slater was just beginning.

Some time passed, and then Conan Doyle heard of the case, became interested, and proceeded to prove that he could be *Sherlock Holmes*, as well as write about him.

Sir Arthur investigated the case and wrote a pamphlet, "The Case of Oscar Slater," in which, says Mr. Starrett, "there is all the fascination of a tale from the chronicles of *Sherlock Holmes*."

Conan Doyle, wondering "if the murderer was after the jewels at all," says, as quoted by Mr. Starrett:

When he reached the bedroom and lit the gas, he did not at once seize the watch and rings which were lying openly exposed upon the dressing-table. He did not pick up a half-sovereign from the dining-table. His attention was given to a wooden box, the lid of which he wrenched open. The papers in it were strewed on the ground. Were the papers his object, and the final abstraction of one diamond brooch a mere blind?

But, "supposing the murderer to have been indeed after the jewels," says Mr. Starrett as he presents this further excerpt from Sir Arthur:

It is very instructive to note his knowledge of their location, and also its limitations. Why did he go straight into the spare

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Look Ahead

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Men enjoy a good laugh at their childhood fears. One confesses he was afraid of the bogeyman, another was afraid of the dark, the next was always afraid of a policeman. They laugh about those old fears now.

Last year some of the grown-up children who had not studied too closely the history of business throughout the ages, and more especially the history of the United States, were frankly scared at the abrupt interruption of boom times.

Business depressions have always followed widespread, reckless speculation. The readjustment period is a trying time for even the wisest and most stout-hearted.

But while the United States has been in the doldrums again and again, a review of its history should make even the most pessimistic person optimistic. The prosperity which follows hard times comes sounder and stronger and the country keeps on growing richer.

It is no more sensible to worry over gloomy predictions concerning the business future than it was to worry about the bogeyman.

From the time the country was founded, men have worried about its future and the ever-increasing scale of wages. John Jay, the first Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, was disturbed by the growing cost of living in 1784. He wrote, "Wages of mechanics and labourers which are very extravagant," at a time when skilled mechanics were paid sixty cents a day and laborers thirty-nine cents.

The history of panics and business depressions followed by mounting levels of prosperity, with higher wages and shorter working hours, is worth reading. The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will be glad to send free a copy of "The Development of Prosperity in America." Ask for Booklet 131-L.

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bedroom where the jewels were actually kept? The same question may be asked with equal force if we consider that he was after the papers. Why the spare bedroom? Any knowledge gathered from outside (by a watcher in the back-yard, for example) would go to the length of ascertaining which was the old lady's room. One would expect a robber who had gained his information thus, to go straight to that chamber. But this man did not do so. He went straight to the unlikely room in which both jewels and papers actually were. Is not this remarkably suggestive? Does it not presuppose a previous acquaintance with the inside of the flat and the ways of its owner?

"Surely that is all good *Sherlock Holmes*, as—even more brilliantly—is this," Mr. Starrett comments as he offers this further passage from "The Case of Oscar Slater":

How did the murderer get in if Lambie is correct in thinking that she shut the doors? I can not get away from the conclusion that he had duplicate keys. In that case all becomes comprehensible, for the old lady—whose faculties were quite normal—would hear the lock go and would not be alarmed, thinking that Lambie had returned before her time. Thus, she would know her danger only when the murderer rushed into the room, and would hardly have time to rise, receive the first blow, and fall, as she was found, beside the chair upon which she had been sitting. But if he had *not* the keys, consider the difficulties. If the old lady had opened the flat door her body would have been found in the passage. Therefore, the police were driven to the hypothesis that the old lady heard the ring, opened the lower-stair door from above (as can be done in all Scotch flats), opened the flat door, never looked over the lighted stair to see who was coming up, but returned to her chair and her magazine, leaving the door open and a free entrance to the murderer. This is possible, but is it not in the highest degree improbable? Miss Gilchrist was nervous of robbery and would not neglect obvious precautions.

International

"Sherlock Holmes" and His Right-hand Man

In other words, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and Barrister Craigie Aitchison, who worked together in securing Slater's release.

The only alternatives to this reasoning, Sir Arthur sets forth, are "that the murderer was actually concealed in the flat when Lambie came out, and of that there is no evidence whatever, or that the visitor was some one whom the old lady knew, in which case he would naturally have been admitted." So the present writer tells us, continuing his account of Doyle as *Holmes:*

Sir Arthur points out that, altho the crime was a singularly bloody one, no marks of blood were found on match or matchbox, and none upon the wooden box opened in the bedroom. "It has never been explained," he says, "why a rug was laid over the murdered woman. It is at least possible that he (*i. e.*, the murderer) used the rug as a shield between him and his victim while he battered her with his weapon."

In a brilliant examination of the evidence produced at the trial, the novelist questions the qualities of the witnesses, stresses the important fact that a knowledge of Miss Gilchrist's jewel collection was not, at the time of the murder, confined to the inmates of the house. He emphasizes the significant circumstance that a dog belonging to Miss Gilchrist had been poisoned in September of the year 1908—that is to say, more than a month before Slater arrived in Glasgow, and more than two months before the murder. In his pamphlet he is very severe upon the Scottish Lord-Advocate, who conducted the prosecution.

There, for years, "the unhappy affair rested," before it came to a happy ending:

From time to time, as Slater's incarceration lengthened, efforts were made to reopen the case, and Sir Arthur's own labors were unremitting, but in actuality it was nineteen years after the conviction before his efforts were successful. Then, at long last, Slater was released in July of 1928. According to newspaper reports, he accepted a government offer of $30,000 as compensation for his wrongs; then, with strange ingratitude, refused to repay a sum of money guaranteed by Doyle before the retrial at which the prisoner was acquitted.

The earlier case of George Edalji, involving not murder but horse-maiming, grew out of a rather unusual situation existing in the Anglican parish of Great Wyrley. The vicar was a Parsee, his wife an Englishwoman. Their half-caste son, George Edalji, was involved in the case which enlisted the interest of the creator of *Sherlock Holmes.*

The result of this uncommon state of affairs was that the Edaljis were the objects of much spite on the part of people in their vicinity and received many abusive, anonymous letters, which were followed, in 1903, by a wave of horse-maiming.

Through what is considered by many a miscarriage of justice, young Edalji was convicted of this cruel crime and sentenced to seven years in prison.

The affair came to Sir Arthur's attention in 1906, and he threw England into a furor with a series of articles in which he argued that the young half-caste was innocent. Nor was this all. In the course of his investigations Sir Arthur found, or thought that he found, the real culprit, whom he called "X." He showed, according to his autobiography, "Memories and Adventures," as quoted by Mr. Starrett:

1. That "X" had shown a peculiar knife or horse-lancet to some one and had stated that this knife did the crimes. I had this knife in my possession.
2. That this knife or a similar knife must have been used in *some* of the crimes, as shown by the shallow incision.
3. That "X" had been trained in the slaughter-yard and the cattle-ship, and was accustomed to brutal treatment of animals.
4. That he had a clear record both of anonymous letters and of destructive propensities.
5. That his writing and that of his brother exactly fitted into the writings of the anonymous letters. In this I had strong independent evidence.
6. That he had shown signs of periodical insanity and that his household and bedroom were such that he could leave unseen at any hour of the night.

One hears "the familiar voice of *Sherlock Holmes* himself in such a statement," observes Mr. Starrett, proceeding to tell us that as a result of Sir Arthur's agitation the young man was released from prison, altho unlike the luckier Slater he received no compensation for his unjust incarceration, and altho Mr. "X" seems never to have been apprehended.

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We May Not "Get" Relativity, but We Like Einstein

THE FRIGHTENED LION stood at bay in the den of Daniels, uncertain whether to laugh it off or make a wild dash for freedom.

He decided to laugh, and those who came to be mystified remained to feel a real liking for this man, "short, superficially shy of manner, with a shock of nearly white hair standing on end and surrounding his head like an aura," as John T. Gibbs describes him in the New York *World*.

About him milled the mob.

He was, according to Louis Sherwin in the New York *Evening Post*, "chivvied from deck to deck of the *Belgenland*, bombarded by questions, pursued by a half-hundred reporters, and shot at by an equal number of cameramen."

Thus Prof. Albert Einstein of Germany, counted by many as one of the greatest of living scientists, arrived in New York en route, through the Panama Canal, for California and consultations with brother physicists. It was a harrowing experience; and we may guess that Mr. Cabell, who coined the "lion-in-a-den-of-Daniels" phrase some years ago, had nothing of the sort in mind when he first uttered the *mot*.

Professor Einstein, it seems, decided on a wise course. He had already changed his original decision not to be interviewed at all. Now that he was facing the reporters, he met with a smile requests that he define the fourth dimension in one word, and that he give his views on Prohibition. And his remarks provided good "copy," even if they were not of the sort usually made by visiting celebrities.

International Newsreel photograph

Yes, the Einsteins Are Like the Rest of Us

Except that Frau Elsa is honest enough to admit that she doesn't understand relativity.

America has taken to Professor Einstein and his charming, capable wife, Frau Elsa. Most of us admit that we don't understand relativity. So does Frau Einstein. Hardly any layman has done as well with it as did Billy Guard, press agent of the Metropolitan Opera, according to the New York *World*. "There is no hitching post in the universe—that we know of," was the definition that won the master's O. K., given in a holiday mood.

But if we don't understand relativity, we do understand that the man who formed the theory is a good fellow. Such is the burden of many an editorial. And we meet the same spirit in the news columns, too, as, for instance, in this word snapshot by Edward Angly in the New York *Herald Tribune:*

Professor Einstein is rather short in stature, and slightly plump. He wore a black suit, a white shirt with old-fashioned pleats, and a black overcoat of the type familiar to the shoulders of artists in Montparnasse.

Around his low-wing collar, symbol of upper middle-class respectability, a blue cravat peppered with white dots was tied in a big careless knot. It wasn't an absent-minded professorial knot, but a knot that had solid dignity, like a heavy gold watch-chain.

Professor Einstein walked with an air that was almost jaunty, suggesting Sunday strolls under the linden trees of Berlin's Tiergarten.

From his head he removed a black felt sombrero, dented on four sides and peaked in American military fashion. His flourishing hair was mostly gray above a high forehead, but in the back, where it drooped and curled down to his coat, Einstein's locks were still brown. His high-arched eyebrows and the mustache were dark, and his skin was of a yellowish hue. He looked his fifty-one years.

He had the soft, fine hand of an artist and the eyes of a wise and kindly man.

THE welcome to Professor Einstein on the *Belgenland* was "a spectacle unequaled in the history of New York, or, perhaps, the well-known universe," according to Mr. Sherwin's *Evening Post* account, where we are told further that Einstein said, of the reporters, "These men are like wolves. Every one of them wants to have a bite at me."

But the physicist was joking, as his whole demeanor in the interview showed. Turning to David P. Sentner's International News Service account, we read:

Professor Einstein took the ordeal which he had feared so much in good spirits, and his first comment was a humorous observation on the reception accorded him.

"This reminds me of the days of my childhood, with its 'Punch and Judy' shows," he said with a smile. "You remember *Punch* asks: 'Is everybody here?' and *Judy* answers: 'Yes, everybody's here.'"

This not unnaturally prompted a reporter to ask:

"Is space here?"

"A newspaperman," replied Einstein, "will have to judge that for himself."

Professor Einstein spoke almost entirely in German, but the barrage of questions and answers were translated for the benefit of the distinguished visitor and reporters by a number of interpreters, official and volunteer. The scientist was asked whether he had anticipated the interview would be such a trying ordeal as it turned out to be.

"I never think of the future," he said. "It comes soon enough."

Throughout the long interview, Professor Einstein wore an amused and half-quizzical look, and had nothing but kindly remarks no matter how hard reporters prest him.

"Each cow can give only a certain amount of milk," he said with a chuckle at one time when newspapermen overwhelmed him with questions.

When cameramen followed Einstein up on the deck to pose for pictures, he stept to the rail of the boat to get his first glimpse of the world-famed sky-line since his last visit in 1921. The reporters and photographers immediately clustered about him, completely obstructing his view, and one asked: "Are you happy to be in America?"

"I will be very happy," he said, "if I ever see it."

He posed willingly for photographs, not even taking offense when one zealous bulb-presser shouted: "Hey, Heinie, get over this way a little bit!" He had two little jokes at their expense, however. Once, when he was nicely posed and the cameramen all ready to "shoot," he swung on his heel and turned his back to them, chuckling all the while. The second occurred when a photographer showed him a photograph which was taken on his visit here in 1921.

"My, but you fellows develop pictures fast," he said.

He made the task of photography simple in one way, for the cameramen never had to ask him to smile. He was doing that all the time.

MANY and varied have been the attempts to explain Einstein. For example, in his recent book, "Albert Einstein, a Biographical Portrait" (A. & C. Boni), Anton Reiser illustrates the physicist's dislike of form and show with the following anecdote:

He prefers to wear a simple woolen pullover, and in the summertime a sport suit. Nothing is more foreign to him than elegance or ceremonial garb.

In this he agrees with Spinoza, who refused a new coat with

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these words, "Will that make me a different man? It would be a bad situation if the bag were better than the meat that's in it."

And so it frequently happens that Einstein appears at some occasion in an impossible get-up, that he delivers his lectures in the university in a sport suit and sandals, or that he appears in high society in a business suit.

When he was about to deliver lectures at Oslo under particularly formal circumstances, it was discovered at the last moment that he did not have a full-dress suit.

What next?

Einstein responds to such worries with hearty, boyish laughter. He calmly put on his usual dinner-jacket and said, "I will simply fasten a tag on it with a notice: 'This suit has just been brushed.'"

But we must remember that a man's wife knows him best. Frau Elsa admits that she doesn't understand relativity. William

P. & A. photograph

Making It Easy for the Cameramen

The Einsteins smiled all the time, so it wasn't necessary to ask them to look pleasant.

Engle tells us so in the New York *Telegram*. But she does understand Einstein, and so it was to her that Evelyn Seeley went for a word-picture of the scientist. Writes Miss Seeley in the same journal:

"To be the wife of this man," Frau Elsa Einstein said, smiling, "is very difficult. He is stubborn. He is very opin—it's a French word, I think—opinionated.

"He is like a child. You have to manage him. But I must never let him know that I manage him. I must not let him catch me, or, pfui!"

Frau Einstein directs the physicist's material existence. She sees to it that he eats properly, preparing certain delicacies for him with her own hands. She sees to it that he gets enough sleep, enough exercise, enough recreation. She is hostess to his friends, and keeps away from him those people whom he does not wish to see. Often it is her rôle to just let him alone, stepping as quietly out of the picture as she steps into it.

Hardest of all, she must give Einstein a sense of freedom.

"All these things I must do so that he will think he is free."

Many qualities besides executive ability and domestic efficiency are required by the wife of a genius.

Being Frau Einstein, she admitted, is a full-time job. It has meant the putting aside of her own interests. Ten years ago, before she married him, she was interested in music and literature, and gave much of her time to social work. She has little time for those interests now.

"He is all my life," she declared, throwing her head back proudly. "He is worth it. He is the important one. There are many hard things about life with a scientist like this man, but many things, too, that are inspiring and transcendent."

A Bandit Queen in Exile

"SHE MUST BE MINE!" cried the delighted bandit king when first he saw the girl with melancholy blue eyes.

The girl, Madeleine Mancini, heard. She was only sixteen, but bravery does not depend upon age. She seized a pistol and would have shot the bandit, Nunzio Romanetti, had not some one disarmed her.

She fled from her farm home on the island of Corsica to Marseilles, says G. H. Archambault in a copyrighted dispatch to the New York *Sun*. But none dared repulse Romanetti long, the story continues. "In the brush his will was supreme. He threatened, and she returned. He had a lawful wife in the city, and unlawful wives here and there, but that mattered little to an outlaw."

Such, Mr. Archambault continues, was Madeleine's first tragedy. And another one was in preparation—the murder of three of her kinsmen.

She inspired this murder herself, according to the accusation made against her. She was tried, convicted, sentenced. Now, we read, she is merely No. 3,804 in the women's section of the jail at Montpellier, France, where she is known as the "model prisoner."

The murder was committed in 1928. Efforts are now being made to establish Madeleine's innocence and secure her release. It is in this connection that *The Sun's* correspondent recalls her melancholy story. We read:

Nunzio Romanetti was the last of the true Corsican bandits, men who held human life cheap, who were ruled by a semibarbarous code wherein it was set forth that blood called for blood, and that the feud must go on from generation to generation.

They killed their man and fled to the *maquis*, the brush. There they were lords; no gendarme dared approach.

Then one April night, in 1926, gendarmes in ambush brought Nunzio low.

When the body was raised there were thirteen wounds. Thousands of Corsicans followed Romanetti to the grave.

In the last years during which Romanetti had been king of the bandits, Madeleine Mancini had been their queen. We have already seen the winning of this girl—"well educated, with a quiet dignity and bearing above her station." She suffered much, we read, and, apparently, her relatives suffered too. They disliked this alliance with a bandit. But, we learn:

There were still bandits in Corsica after the death of Nunzio. They killed to rob. Such were Paul François Perfettini and Dominico Santoni. One day, in May, 1928, Perfettini and Santoni, accompanied by a youth named Joseph Bartoli, a half-wit, entered the farm of Antoine Mancini, Madeleine's uncle.

They had been told that he had a large sum of money. They killed him and his two sons, and fled with the bank-notes.

Some weeks later Perfettini was shot by a gendarme.

Bartoli, the half-wit, was arrested. Santoni never was found. It seemed clearly a case of murder, with robbery as the motive, but the examining magistrate was not satisfied.

It was always suspected that Antoine Mancini betrayed Nunzio, and Madeleine wished to avenge him. And she was not on any too good terms with her uncle.

For seven months the magistrate hesitated. Then he was told that in prison Antoine Giuseppe, a receiver of the bandits, had sent a message to the half-wit: "Say as I say, and we may escape. Say that after the killing Madeleine gave Perfettini 6,000 francs and a kiss. Perfettini is dead, and can't deny it!"

The half-wit said it. The magistrate hesitated no longer. Madeleine was arrested and convicted.

Since then the half-wit has confessed repeatedly that he lied, witnesses for the prosecution have sworn affidavits that they did not tell the whole truth at the trial, all who have analyzed the testimony are convinced of the innocence of the girl.

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Sad Tale of the Would-Be Art Smuggler

THE delighted millionaire from America fairly glowed with self-satisfaction over his good luck and his great cleverness.

An "unquestioned connoisseur," he knew full well the value of his find.

A genuine Titian! Oh, no doubt of it! Subject, technique, everything about the picture seemed to give assurance of this.

The immensely valuable painting he had turned up, much to the surprize of every one concerned in the matter, "in the back room of a restaurant in old Sienna."

But what particularly delighted the wealthy American was that he had found a way of getting the painting out of Italy. And at the thought of this he gloated in earnest.

For Italy has strict regulations against the exportation of the nation's art treasures, we are told in a Rome dispatch to the Brooklyn *Eagle* by a writer signing himself "Romulus." And under these conditions, carrying a genuine Titian off to America would be a feat indeed.

One of the indirect results of this embargo has been "the bootlegger of art and his first cousin, the forger of classic pictures," says "Romulus."

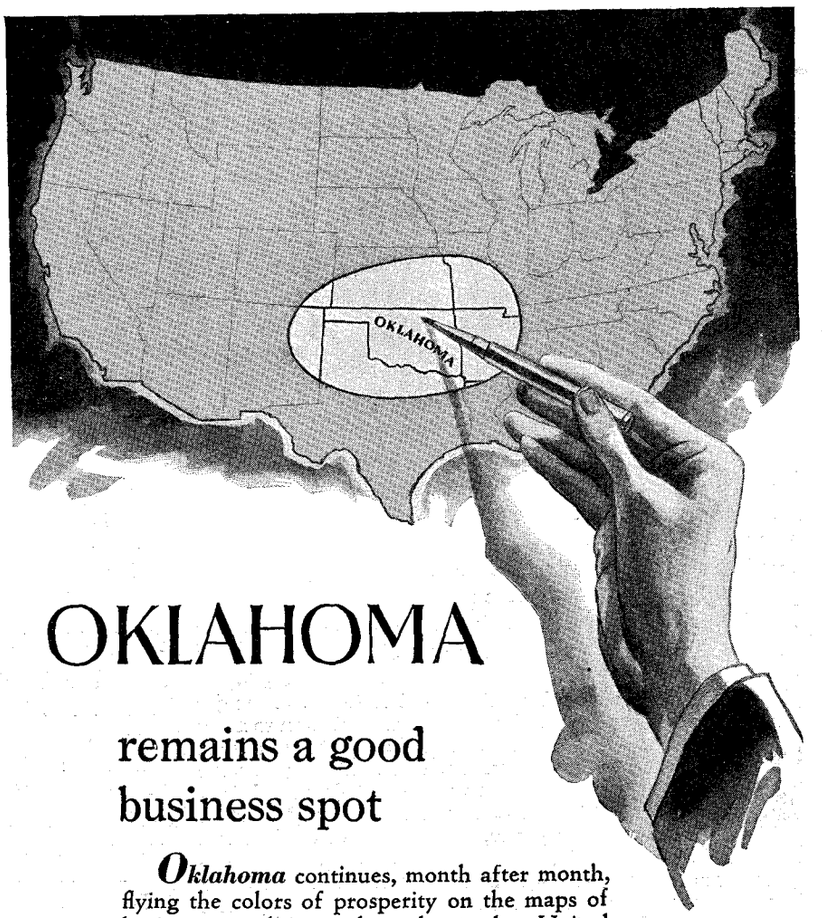
And so we come to our rich American and the Titian he found in the back room of the Sienna restaurant. "Romulus" tells us in his account:

The delighted millionaire, an unquestioned connoisseur, it is claimed, opened negotiations in his best diplomatic manner. The owner knew that the painting had a great value, and was willing to part with it at a proper price; but what about the stern-faced, hard-hearted men in the custom-house at the frontier? Even an attempt to export such a work of art was a misdemeanor.

It seemed a ticklish bit of business. Of course there was a way of deceiving the stern-faced and hard-hearted officials. If the precious canvas were covered up with the portrait of some modern celebrity, that would let the Titian underneath get through in perfect safety. Afterward the oils used for covering up the original could be removed. An "artist" was found to do this delicate job and a high price was paid for the Titian.

To the indescribable joy of the millionaire his prize was taken safely across the border. The man was so happy that he wanted to gloat a little over his "find" and found some one who, without much trouble, removed the artificial covering. Alas, with the modern portrait the supposed Titian came off, too.

The millionaire had been the victim of an extremely clever plot. As he examined the ruin of his hopes his expert eye told him that there was another painting beneath the fabled Titian, a lesser "find," perhaps, but still something to rejoice over. As he removed the last vestiges of the supposed Titian, it looked as if his guess had been good. There actually was another picture below the Titian—a portrait of Mussolini, a speaking likeness of the dictator with a stare and a frown that seemed quite personal to the unfortunate foreign millionaire.



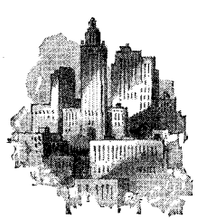
OKLAHOMA

remains a good business spot

Oklahoma continues, month after month, flying the colors of prosperity on the maps of business conditions throughout the United States. All the state has not always been included in the "excellent" or "good" areas, but rarely has there been a month in several years when most or a part of Oklahoma was not shown outstandingly prosperous in comparison with the balance of the nation.

The reasons for this favorable condition are not far to seek The answer lies in Oklahoma's wealth and diversification of basic resources. Although the state was *second in the nation* in the value of its mineral products in 1928, it is a surprising fact that farm products brought even more income than did the minerals. Oklahoma stands *ninth* in crops, and is one of only six states producing more than a billion dollars of raw materials annually

First in natural gas. Fuel advantages, too, have a big part—and are destined to take an even more important role—in the prosperous development of the state. Oklahoma stands first among the states in natural gas, producing one-fifth of the nation's supply of this best of all industrial and domestic fuel.



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Boy Scouts of the Air

GOOD TURNS IN PLENTY they've done on the ground, and now twenty Boy Scouts of Omaha plan to do some good turns for themselves in the air.

That is to say, according to Gerard Griswold, writing in the Omaha *World-Herald*, they are "learning the fundamentals of flying as members of Air Scout Troop No. 22. No other group of scouts in the country is giving so much time to this training."

There are other air-minded scouts, however. A troop in Denver, according to this writer, is experimenting with gliders. The Omaha troop hopes to be at the same stage next summer; and it is "a foregone conclusion" to some that eventually the boys will have their own motored ship.

Richard Lane Welpton heads the troop. He is "a reserve officer, and recently spent twelve months as a flying cadet in the United States Army Air Corps in the Army's school at Riverside, California. His assistant is Bert Meyen, a veteran of more than a decade of flying, who has served with the famous First Pursuit group at Selfridge Field, Michigan."

The members of the troop are fifteen years or more in age, and must have attained the rank of first-class scout. This is the sort of training they are receiving, according to Mr. Griswold:

The first lesson assigned an Air Scout is to list the major functioning parts of a plane. The boys then must learn to name and describe a number of different kinds of aircraft, also several types of propeller, their composition, and something of their construction. They must learn to name and describe briefly four different types of air motor, the number and kind of cylinders, the rated horse-power, the method of cooling, and fuel, and oil.

There are many angles, aspects, and terms of flying of which they must acquire a comprehensive idea. In addition, there are a number of drawings to be made and explained.

The instructive value of the course, it is said, will be equivalent to that of any commercial ground-school course, and in addition is given "right on the grounds." The sight of real ships, the whir of many motors, and the actual maintenance that is going on around the classroom, which is in one of the hangars at Municipal Field, provide the background for the lessons.

Some of the boys already have had trips in the air, but not as a part of the regular course, for even tho the troop has been organized for quite some time, its members are a long way from actual flight.

"We expect to continue our classroom instruction and work on the ground for many months to come," says Welpton. "None of the boys will be taken into the air for actual flying instruction until we feel they have obtained all the knowledge necessary, and a little bit more, for that important step.

"We have, however, made tentative arrangements with a local aviation corporation to give instruction to the boys at the stick when the time comes, and by then we may have a plane of our own. But none will be allowed to take the air without the permission of their parents or guardians."

THESE youthful scouts "will be called into active duty at the field and at other points in the vicinity during aviation meets to direct spectators, answer questions, act as escorts and guards, and in other ways assist in the programs." The Air-Scout creed to which each boy is pledged reads:

"I am an Air Scout! I am living to the best of my ability the scout oath and law. I believe in the slogan "Safety in the Air." I know that a healthy mind and body are the greatest factors of air-worthiness. I shall strive to further aviation by applying the principles of scouting in all matters pertaining to flying. I shall always remember that a good flyer is an efficient flyer, and that efficiency comes through application. I will never forget that an Air Scout is first, last, and always a Boy Scout, that he practises self-control, is a clear-thinker, is cool-headed, a student of aviation and has respect for experience."

Welpton is employing the same system in teaching his scouts that he was given—the cadet system of ground-school training used by the Government. The boys are getting schooling worth hundreds of dollars, he asserts, for a cost of 10 cents a meeting—which money goes into a fund to be used in activities of the troop itself.

"Any number of Omaha business men are showing a keen interest in our work," declared Welpton, "and I have every reason to believe that as our efforts and our need grow we will have no difficulty in securing substantial help toward necessary equipment for the continuance of the course.

"The work at present is elementary, and will continue to deal in fundamentals for some time to come.

"We are endeavoring first of all to teach these boys the essentials of air safety," Welpton explains. "They are getting much the same training that a youngster learning the mechanics of an automobile would get if he desired to know the business from the ground up.

"There are a lot of people who can drive an automobile today and get away with it, despite the fact that they have little or no knowledge of what is underneath the hood."

Reckless Riders of the "Iron Mule"

A DESPERATE CONVICT had broken out of a Pennsylvania prison.

Not only that, he had stolen the Warden's automobile and was fleeing at breakneck speed for the State line and safety.

But, fast as he traveled, the law traveled faster.

Into a substation of the Pennsylvania State Police came the call. Off went the Corporal in charge, driving his "iron mule," as the motor-cycle is called, at a speed matching that of the fleeing convict. The Corporal, Burt M. McConnell tells us in *The Elks Magazine*, "knew the roads in that section." He knew that "there was only one which the convict could take; he opened the throttle wide."

The road was improved, but not quite enough to make motor-cycle riding an unalloyed pleasure, we learn as we pursue this account of State highway police throughout the country.

However, the Corporal did not slacken speed, and "within a few minutes was rewarded by seeing, in the glare of his headlight, the stolen car, careening from one side of the road to the other and partly hidden by dust clouds; in less than half a minute he was alongside."

Desperate at the thought of being brought back to prison, the writer continues, "the convict swerved sharply and crowded the motor-cycle into the ditch. But the rider was prepared for this maneuver, and picked himself up. Righting the undamaged machine, he set out again; at least, he knew what a desperate customer he was up against." And we follow the exciting narrative of how he met the situation:

Through the inky blackness, with the throttle wide open, he sped at more than seventy miles an hour—seventy miles over dirt roads, when at any moment he might run smack into the unlighted car of his quarry! Just beyond a sharp curve, which he took at an angle of forty-five degrees, the Corporal again discerned the dim outlines of the Warden's car; she was hitting on all six.

Drawing his six-shooter, the motor-cycle officer again pulled up close and shouted a command to the convict to halt. It was a waste of breath, but the regulations required it. The temptation to "wing" his man, rather than permit him to escape across the State line, was strong, but he overcame it.

His commanding officer might not reprimand him, in the circumstances, but the Warden's car would be wrecked. There remained but one alternative—to puncture a rear tire. Dropping back until the car had outdistanced him some twenty feet, the Corporal placed a .38-caliber bullet into the right rear tire. With one shoe flat, the car now began weaving back and forth across the roadway, despite every effort of its driver to keep it straight. But the Corporal managed to pull alongside once more and shout a demand to halt.

The situation was becoming desperate; the State line was less than twenty miles away.

Now, one flat tire will stop any ordinary driver—even a crook. But the convict saw additional years of punishment facing him unless he escaped. Hunched over the wheel, like a jockey, he urged the Warden's machine forward. There was nothing left for the Corporal to do but drop behind and deflate the left rear tire.

When this desperate expedient had no effect, the highway officer, without slackening speed, and with both hands removed from the handle-bars, reloaded his six-shooter, again drew up to twenty feet, and drilled the gasoline tank full of holes. With its

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engine choking and sputtering, the car came to a stop. Before its occupant could leap out, the Corporal was alongside.

MR. MCCONNELL'S survey of State Police organizations covers Pennsylvania, New York, New Jersey, Massachusetts, Vermont, Rhode Island, Connecticut, Maryland, Delaware, West Virginia, Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, Arkansas, Alabama, Louisiana, Texas, Nebraska, Nevada, Oregon, Washington, California, and Minnesota.

He also gives us this résumé of the officers' duties:

First, to patrol the State roads, day and night.

Second, to enforce the motor-vehicle laws.

Third, to protect life and property.

In New Jersey, he may be called upon to escort a silk truck or patrol the roads leading to Lakehurst just before the arrival of the *Graf Zeppelin*.

In Michigan and New York, it is his duty to protect the bungalows of summer residents and fishing clubs; everywhere he is a motor-vehicle inspector, a super-constable, a detective.

In such States as West Virginia, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and New York, he has relieved the mounted constabulary of traffic duty, and allowed them to concentrate on the fight against crime. Some of them keep portable scales for weighing trucks; in Pennsylvania, this truck-weighing unit is said to save the State hundreds of thousands of dollars each year, simply by keeping overloaded trucks from pounding the roads to pieces.

One of the motor-cycle patrolman's tasks is to check up on brakes and headlights—both of which cause an appalling number of accidents when improperly adjusted. Many States assign the work of examining applicants for drivers' licenses to their highway patrols. This requires patience, particularly with the feminine element, but it is part of the job. Moreover, the fees thus obtained, which are paid into the State treasury, help to buy gas for the "iron mule" and pay for the snappy uniforms.

A highway patrolman's beat may be as much as 200 miles a day. And, while his veracity is seldom questioned by his superiors, it has become the custom in many States for the motor-cycle officer to submit a report slip postmarked on that day with the names of a number of towns along his route. His holidays may be at the rate of one day per week, subject to the "if and when" clause so familiar in Wall Street; or they may be lumped into three consecutive days per month, as in New Jersey—if traffic conditions permit. But he is always subject to call, twenty-four hours a day, every day in the year.

Excitement and adventure the State patrolman meets in plenty, and not infrequently he displays fine heroism, we learn as we read on:

One September afternoon, an Italian truck-grower, working in his patch near Trenton, was bitten by a deadly copperhead snake. He was rushed to a hospital at the capital, where the physicians agreed that the only hope of saving the patient's life lay in an injection of anti-venom serum. Symptoms of approaching death were evident; his arms and legs were swollen to twice their normal size. The nearest supply of serum was at the New York Zoological Gardens, eighty miles distant.

In desperation, the hospital physicians asked the State Police to undertake to deliver the serum. Captain Nicol, Headquarters Troop Commander, promised that it would be brought by motor-cycle quicker than they could obtain it by airplane.

At 4:10 that Sunday afternoon, the chief keeper of the Zoo handed Trooper Schwartz at the New Jersey side of the ferry, the precious package. Through a dense and hectic week-end traffic—the worst in the world—Schwartz roared on his "iron mule," with his speedometer sometimes hovering around the eighty-mile mark.

Thirty-two miles along the road toward Trenton, Trooper McCormick waited on another motor-cycle. Disregarding all thoughts of personal danger on the most congested highway in the United States (the strip between New York and Trenton), these men had but one thought—to deliver the serum in time to save a humble Italian gardener's life.

At 4:50, forty minutes after the start, Trooper McCormick saw Schwartz speeding around the bend. Kicking his engine into action, he turned into the smooth concrete highway, while Schwartz roared down the stretch. Twenty—thirty—forty—fifty miles an hour went McCormick; Schwartz was doing seventy.

Twisting his throttle inward, McCormick increased his speed to that of the onrushing bearer of the precious serum. At seventy miles an hour they raced, neck and neck. Then Schwartz handed the package to McCormick, who put it in his pocket without slackening speed. With a wave of his hand, Schwartz turned back to attend to his every-day traffic duties; McCormick, weaving in and out of traffic, dashed toward Trenton, his speedometer touching eighty-five on the clear stretches. He made the thirty-five miles in exactly thirty-five minutes.

The anti-venom serum was injected at once, and for hours the Italian gardener hovered between life and death. Later he completely recovered, and his first act upon leaving the hospital was to have three medals struck off—one for the keeper who traveled the first thirteen miles by automobile; and one for each highway officer. On the back of each medal was engraved: "He risked his life to save a life."

TO chronicle adequately the exploits and adventures of these riders of the "iron mule" would require several volumes, the writer assures us as he passes on this further anecdote:

There is the story of the Corporal who came upon a sure-enough mule, lying in the road, badly injured. Apparently he had been knocked down by a hit-and-run driver. A long cut across the animal's neck told the story of the collision. The Corporal put his motorcycle on the stand and took out his emergency kit, only to find that the manufacturer had not provided surgical needles and other paraphernalia strong enough to cope with the tough hide of a mule. Straddling his machine, he rode to the nearest source of surgical supplies, obtained needles, pliers, a piece of cork (to back up the thrust of the needle), and catgut.

Returning, he calmly sat on his patient's head while he took twelve stitches in the gaping wound. Just as he finished the operation, the mule's owner appeared and complimented him on the job. The mule got well.

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G·P·A

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Perhaps she buys Ipana. But, on the off chance she doesn't, we list, for your advantage and her own, the three great virtues of this modern and successful tooth paste.

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2 If your tooth brush ever "shows pink," massage and Ipana will remedy the condition; for Ipana contains ziratol, a hemostatic and antiseptic used by dentists in treating gum disorders.

3 Ipana has a splendid taste. It gives an instant and lasting feeling of cleanliness!

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Ipana is modern in formula, effect and taste. It combats "Pink Tooth Brush," it keeps the gums firm and healthy, and the teeth in fine condition.

Hand the coupon to your wife!

Beloved Keeper of my Nose to the Grindstone

When in the course of your next shopping cruise, you halt your light footsteps at some druggist's shop, may I request that you enter and, on my behalf, please buy a tube of

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

*Signed*_____

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The "One-Man Fire Department of the Oil-Fields"

"TEX" PULLED ON HIS FIREPROOF PANTS, his whole $107 fireproof suit, indeed; and when we say "fireproof," we mean just that, and nothing figurative. It was a suit of asbestos that "Tex" donned.

Asbestos clothes are unusual, to say the least, but they are handy when fighting a gas-well fire—and single-handed as far as actual contact with the fire is concerned. Such a job faced "prematurely wrinkled," thin, wiry "Tex" Thornton, called, according to Frank Harrel in the New York *Herald Tribune* Magazine, the "one-man fire department of the oil-fields." Combating such fires is his lifework. This time it was a gas-well fire in the Taylor Link field in Pecos County, Texas, we read. The geyser of flame, apparently set off by a spark, "had been roaring its head off for twenty-four hours when 'Tex' arrived, equipped with an asbestos suit, a large coil of asbestos rope, and 250 quarts of nitroglycerin"

The problem before "Tex" was this. The gas shooting from the well did not begin to burn until some distance above the casing of the well mouth. If this column could be broken, the fire would be extinguished, "much as one snuffs out a candle with the fingers."

Tex set about his job "while a thousand or so of the oil-field curious gathered on the prairie near by.

"He stretched the asbestos rope across the flame by tying it to an abandoned derrick on one side and a truck on the other, and pulled it taut by driving the truck a ways from the well." Then, Mr. Harrel proceeds:

He mixed a twenty-quart bomb of nitroglycerin, signaled the spectators that he was about to start the fireworks, and suspended the nitroglycerin over the taut line with a loop of asbestos rope. He then tightened up the belt of his asbestos suit and started pushing the explosive along the rope into the fire.

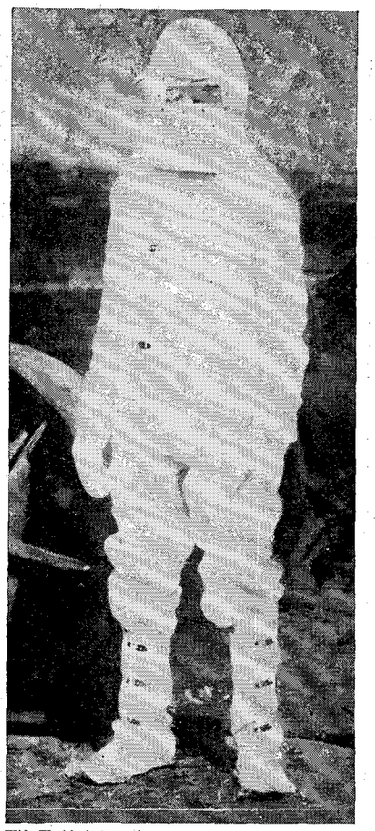
Trailing the protected wires of the detonator behind him, he walked slowly toward the bright column. The taut rope swayed a bit and almost touched the casing. If it burned in two there would be no more "Tex" Thornton to thrill the people in the oil land!

But it held, and he placed the charge within two inches of the casing head, and began his hasty retreat. Out of range, he signaled for the detonator to let go. A blast that would topple a building rocked the prairie. The flame was snapt out, but the roar of the gasser, only a little diminished, kept on. An anxious minute, and it flared again with a booming sound. It had been reignited by a piece of metal. The whole thing was to be done again.

By this time night was falling and the huge torch flared blue and orange against the immensity of the black sky. Darkness didn't worry "Tex" any, however, for he had plenty of light to work. This time he mixed a "shot" of thirty quarts of the "soup" as casually as one would stir sugar into his tea.

A new asbestos rope formed his guide this time, and as "Tex" waded into the sea of fire again, the crowd cheered—a feeble enough noise against the roaring of the "gasser." He placed the charge, and retreated. Again the terrific blast made the earth quake. "Tex," at what he supposed was a safe distance from the well, was thrown for five or six yards on his head—uninjured.

The flame was snuffed out. A vast darkness enveloped the plains. Stars, not apparent to those whose eyes had become accustomed to the incandescence, looked down on a world once more at peace. "Tex" reckoned "she wouldn't need another shot to-night," and took off his suit with the satisfaction that here was a job well, but dangerously, done.



Wide World photograph

Behold the Fireproof Pants!

To say nothing of the rest of the asbestos outfit that is "Tex" Thornton's business suit.

"Tex" is a not overly large person, rather thin and wiry, and only thirty-four, who has earned by his feats of daring the plaudits of the operators throughout the Southwest, the story continues:

His face is prematurely wrinkled by frequent exposure to the intense heat of the fires he fights for a living. When "Tex" arrives on the scene, no others need apply for jobs as fire-fighters.

He takes the situation over entirely, and puts out the blaze single-handed. That is, he is the only one who risks his life by going into the blaze. Of course, he is aided by machinery, boilers, and, if it is a gas fire, by two or three cans of nitroglycerin.

Thornton's specialty is gas fires, but he will don his expensive asbestos suit and wade right into any kind of blaze.

No matter how big the blaze is, Thornton is ready to meet its challenge and, by meeting it successfully, to win several thousands of dollars and the acclaim of his thousands of buddies in the oil country. It is not on record that he ever turned his back on any fire, and his boosters in the oil-fields—and they are many—claim that he would walk right into the Old Fiery Pit itself, if there were enough money in it.

While "Tex" Thornton is the most noted of the oil-field fire-fighters, there are hundreds of other "roughnecks" who have reputations for fearlessness in the face of fire in their own localities.

OIL and gas fires are unfortunately familiar to the South, the Southwest, and the West, we learn from Mr. Harrel:

Within the last year two "gassers" in the Oklahoma City field burned three and seven days, respectively. Out in California the Kettleman pool and the Santa Fé Springs pool have been notorious for oil and gas fires, having even had two burning at one time.

Down in the Seminole field, in Oklahoma, the Little River gas blowouts were the fiercest that oil men have encountered, and at Monroe, in Louisiana, and El Dorado, in Arkansas, citizens have spent terrifying nights while valiant fire-fighters have struggled to snuff out giant earth candles.

Then we are treated to a word-picture of a terrible fire on the Canadian River, not far from Oklahoma City, where "the Morgan Petroleum Company's wild oil gusher, the Stout No. 1, dubbed 'Stout Fella' by the oil men, had flooded the countryside with crude oil, and coated the near-by stream with a highly inflammable scum. The inevitable had happened; the river had caught on fire, but at a safe distance from the well."

The situation was tense, to put it mildly. The whole vicinity of Oklahoma City waited for tragedy:

There it was, this "Stout Fella," pouring out oil at the rate of 60,000 barrels a day, roaring with the energy of 1,000 earth devils, spurting its purple-black cloud high into the air, and raining oil for ten miles to the leeward. The black stuff fell onto the group of workmen gathered around the base of the derrick, and on the surrounding terrain, huddling in pools for a second and then hurrying off to feed the ever-mounting wall of flame that stretched through the countryside.

Fortunately, the current of the river carried the flame farther and farther from the well, never allowing it to creep backward to ignite the gusher and turn it into a spout of liquid fire. Fire and river fought a ceaseless battle.

As the oil gathered in spots in the eddying current of the stream, and flames burst into the air, it seemed at times as if the fire would win; but the tricky river quickly dissipated the source of supply, only to collect it into another flaming geyser a few miles down the stream.

The thousands of curious who lined the banks on both sides of the river often were forced to draw back in haste as the

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current swung one of these columns landward. Here and there along the river feeble blazes, divorced from the main body of the fire, struggled to clamber up the steep bank into the underbrush.

For ninety miles in every direction farmers and citizens of the smaller towns gazed at the towering black smoke, and reckoned that Oklahoma City's big oil fire had come at last.

OVER in that section of Oklahoma City, "where the oil millionaires have built rows of expensive homes with the wealth which came to them so suddenly, these same millionaires kept one apprehensive eye on the distant smoke and the other on their homes." Further:

Their expensive lawns were soaked in oil, and their garages were so coated with slime that they looked like patent leather houses. They wondered how long it would be before they could light fires again—they feared even to light a cigar, lest this very oil which had rescued them from agricultural poverty should suddenly become a raging terror that would destroy their castles.

Down on the "flats" at the well a crew of fifty or so oil-soaked "roughnecks," their feet and hands already blistered by the irritating crude oil, battled with the roaring monster that threatened at every minute to engulf them in flames.

Several hours before they had been called from the well by the siren shrieks that warned of a near-by blaze. It had been quenched, and they hurried back to resume the big job of placing the "bonnet" over the roaring column.

Slowly this "bonnet"—a two-ton piece of metal—was lowered over the casing head, and the workmen rushed in with long iron poles to screw it on. Finally it was fast, the master gates were closed, and for the first time in sixty-six hours the oil and gas ceased flowing.

The workmen clambered down the slick pipes to the derrick floor. They gave a feeble cheer, tho spent by days and nights of ceaseless work, and then hurried to the bunkhouse to get a bit of rest and to smoke a cigaret, a comfort they had not known for hours. They lay down with their boots on, fearful that they would be called out again almost any minute by a roar that would shake the neighborhood as the "Stout Fella" again broke its leashes.

Had the "Stout Fella" caught on fire, the Southwest perhaps would have had its worst oil fire. Only expert engineering and miraculous good luck prevented the holocaust that might have killed a score of workmen and threatened thousands of homes.

Improving the Occasion.—CAPTAIN (to First Sergeant)—"As you ought to know, to-morrow there will be an eclipse of the sun—something which does not happen every day. Give order to form the men for parade at 5:00 A. M. They can observe this rare phenomenon, and I shall give the necessary explanations."

FIRST SERGEANT (to Second Sergeant)—"By order of the Captain in the morning at five o'clock there will be an eclipse of the sun with demonstrations by the Captain—something which does not occur every day. If it rains and nothing can be seen out-of-doors, the eclipse will take place within the barracks."—*Translated from a Rio de Janeiro newspaper.*

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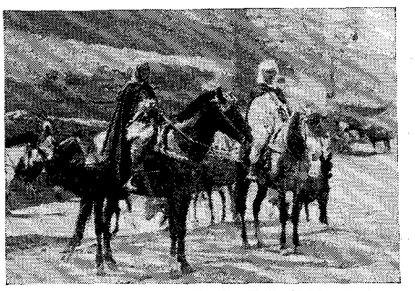

Berber Horsemen Outside the Walls of Marakesh

Mr. Newman is an adept at using anecdotes and bits of history to create "atmosphere"; the Cid, dead, riding on his war horse out of Valencia; a dignified New Englander barred out of a Madrid hotel because of an odor of liniment; a tourist at San Sebastian in sudden trouble over a Spanish word. And everywhere his camera is picking up illustrations that make a reading of this book almost as fruitful as a trip to Spain in person.

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The Bank Failures in the South

THE EPIDEMIC OF BANK SUSPENSIONS in the Central South leads to wide-spread inquiry into the special reasons for financial unsettlement in that section. The tying up of State funds in Tennessee banks, and of city funds in the suspended banks of Asheville, North Carolina, adds a political touch. Investment houses, insurance companies, newspapers, and politicians have been involved.

When 124 banks in ten States fail in a single week and fifty-one close their doors on a single day, it is a sensation. Of the two hundred-odd banks in the South and Middle West that have closed since November 1, more than twenty have reopened, and statistics are necessarily rather incomplete, since nearly every day's news tells of the closing or the reopening of some bank somewhere.

The location of the distrest banks suggests at once to Ferdinand Lundberg that "inflated real-estate values and agricultural difficulties were at the bottom of the closings." It started with the failure of the Nashville investment house of Caldwell and Company, the day after election. As Mr. Lundberg continues in the New York *Herald Tribune:*

The train of failures, it is believed here, was touched off by this failure more than by any other cause, as the Arkansas and Kentucky banks, with which it was distantly affiliated, were largely units in holding company chains.

It was the suspension of these chains which brought out the principal weakness in chain banking, local bankers pointed out, and accounts largely for the opposition of many bankers to the chain idea.

A run on a single unit of the chain may precipitate runs on all its units, with the result that the entire chain may collapse, with consequences far more serious than the collapse of a single-unit institution.

It is significant that none of the banks which suspended payments were located in industrial centers, and that no strain on central financial centers was made manifest by the suspensions.

Arkansas led the list of States which suffered banking difficulties in the week, with fifty-six institutions closing their doors. Kentucky came next with fifteen, while North Carolina and Illinois had fourteen and eleven respectively. Indiana contributed ten suspensions, Missouri nine, Tennessee six, and Kansas, Minnesota, and Iowa one each. The Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, and Kentucky failures were all closely connected in that the banks were situated in towns forming a group over the contiguous borders of these States. In some cases the involved banks did business with each other; in other cases depositors who heard of the difficulties in near-by towns took fright and started runs.

THE string of failures in the South and Middle West indicates to the Syracuse (N.Y.) *Post-Standard* "the necessity of a more flexible banking system, regionally, so that smaller banks, performing a valuable service, but restricted in size by the wealth of the communities they serve, can obtain the expert banking knowledge which larger institutions possess and the support needed to carry them over periods of difficulty which are not their own fault as much as the fault of the banking system under which they operate."

"The fading out of real-estate booms throughout the country" has had a good deal to do with it, we read in the current bulletin of the National City Bank of New York, from which we quote:

Every one realizes now that the banking business was greatly overdone in some parts of the country during and just after the war, and that more banks were started in many small communities than could be supported in normal times.

During the depression of 1921 many of these banks went to the wall, while others continued to struggle under a carryover of frozen assets.

Moreover, the last few years have seen many changes in the small towns, not all of which have been favorable to the local banker. Development of good roads and wider use of the automobile, encouraging shopping in the larger centers, together with the growth of chain stores, have given him many problems to meet.

That an outcropping of bank failures should follow a collapse of values such as this country has just endured is inevitable.

NOW "to imagine that the involvement, serious as it may be, will cause a vital impairment of the financial structure in these States" *The Manufacturers Record* (Baltimore) considers "wholly unjustified."

Likewise it says that "to suppose that there will be any prolonged halt in the development and progress of Tennessee, Arkansas, and Kentucky, by reason of these failures, is unreasonable." As the Baltimore weekly explains:

Most of the banks that closed were small institutions of only local importance.

Most of them have either already resumed or soon will resume operations. The loss in money to depositors in such cases will be little or nothing. The 'news' has been played up and exaggerated.

The bank resources of the three States are $1,500,000,000—hardly a sum to be lightly disregarded by the most extreme of pessimists.

The banking situation in the South was remarkably well handled, in the opinion of the Chicago *Economist:*

Caldwell and Company, characterized more by daring than by prudence, had spread itself all over the South by financial pyramiding.

Its interests included a huge total of real-estate ventures, banks, public-utility properties, insurance companies and other instruments of promotion.

When the failure of this house became certain, leading bankers gave every possible assistance to such banks among the Caldwell affiliates as were worth saving and could be saved. Ample cash was given to some of them; others were taken over by amalgamation and reorganization, and in the end the catastrophe was localized far more than any one had thought possible.

The failure of fourteen banks in and around Asheville followed by scattered failures in other parts of North Carolina is attributed by the press to the deferred aftermath of a local real-estate boom. The Greenville (S. C.) *Piedmont* quotes a North Carolina bank examiner as saying:

Immediately preceding the collapse of the Florida real-estate boom, a large number of high-powered real-estate operators transferred their activities from Florida, concentrating largely in Asheville and Hendersonville.

The result of their activities was to produce a highly inflated plane of real-estate values. The resulting collapse in real estate, as well as in other values, made it impossible for the failed banks to liquidate their receivables with sufficient volume to meet demands of depositors.

FINALLY, we may quote a statement given to the Associated Press by Eugene R. Black, Governor of the Federal Reserve Bank of Atlanta:

At this time, by reason of the closing of a number of Southern banks, it may be well to consider our fundamental situation.

We have just harvested our various crops. All of these crops were large and yielded large cash returns. Our tobacco and cotton crops were larger than last year, and the cash returns from them were very large. The millions received from these crops are distributed in all the Southern States from Texas to Virginia.

Our industries are on a sound basis, and their products yield a cash return twice as large as our agricultural products. Our problem of unemployment is probably less acute than in any other section.

Our agricultural banks largely liquidated their indebtedness to us and to their city correspondent banks. Our city banks have very large resources, and are abundantly able to handle the financial problems of the South.

With resources of approximately ten billion dollars in Southern banks, there should be no uneasiness as to our general situation.

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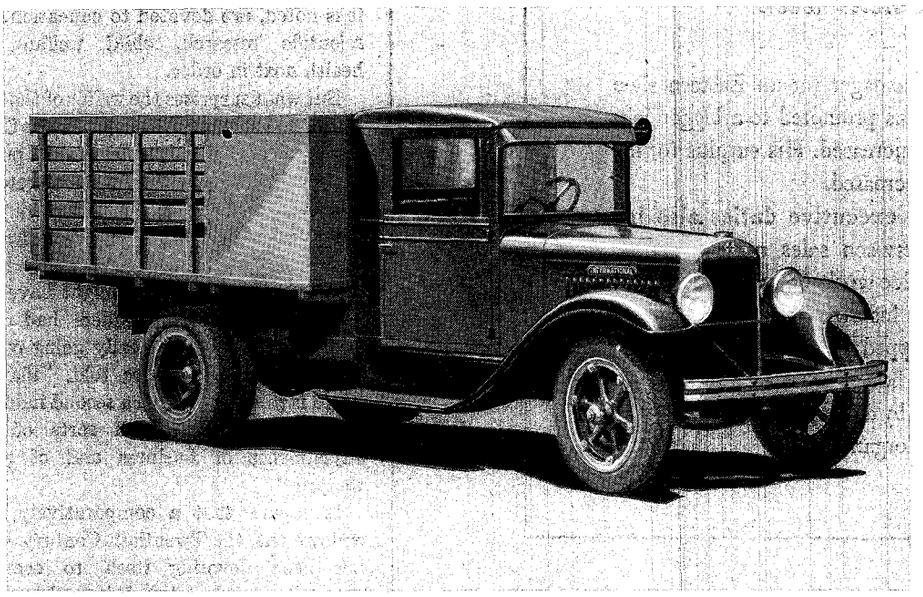

The new 136-inch wheelbase Six-Speed Special with standard stake body 8 feet long by 6 feet wide, with 36-inch stakes

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Have you seen the celebrated "Six-Speed Special" going through its paces? This is the truck that gave the hauling world something entirely new in performance. *It is the original heavy-duty speed truck with six forward speeds and two* reverse speeds. It has a remarkable 2-speed axle through which its driver gets generous speed instantly on the hard road, or changes instantly to tremendous *pulling power* on any kind of tough going.

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Come and watch this new "Six-Speed Special" perform. You'll admire its trim lines and speed on the delivery route. Its unequaled work on the heavy grade will amaze you and its economy is sure to please you. Any International Harvester branch or dealer will demonstrate the new "Six-Speed Special"—at your convenience and without obligation.

BRIEF FACTS

Wheelbase: 136 inches.
Rated Capacity: 1½ tons.
Engine: Powerful and unusually economical.
Clutch: Single dry-plate.
Transmission: 3 speeds forward, 1 reverse.
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Springs: Semi-elliptic front and rear. Auxiliary rear springs quarter elliptic.
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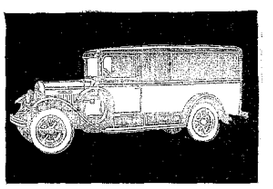
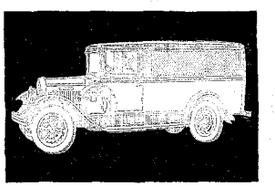
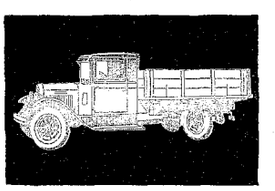


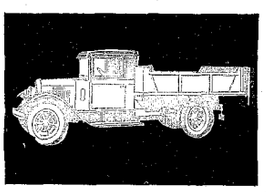
The International Type C panel body for the Six-Speed Special is available in 8 or 9-foot lengths (back of driver's seat).



The Type C body is also available with screen sides, as shown in this illustration, or with glass sides.



The Six-Speed Special with 60-bushel grain box. This body is quickly convertible into a flat bed or into a roomy stock rack.



Dump bodies of 1⅛ yards capacity are available in many styles for the Six-Speed Special.

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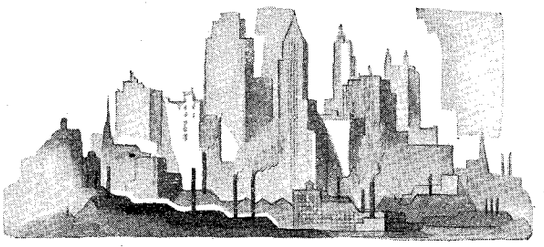

"Take charge of the Middle West next week"

A district manager for an Eastern shoe company was promoted to a bigger job. His salary increased. His surplus for investment increased.

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INVESTMENT SECURITIES

Our Eight Big Basic Troubles

ASIDE from the immediate difficulties to be met by various emergency measures, there are eight underlying dangers in our present economic development which a leading accounting firm thinks should be given serious thought and thorough investigation by some competent body.

The suggestion comes in the course of a study of foundations in a letter sent out by Ernst and Ernst. Attention is called to the growing tendency of wealthy men to put their fortunes into trusts and foundations for various purposes. Most of them, it is noted, are devoted to education, with scientific research, child welfare, and health next in order.

But what surprizes the writer of the letter is that in a business country like this United States of ours, "only a very small proportion of endowment effort is directed to economic research."

During the last century the First Industrial Revolution brought many ills in its wake, some of which might have been avoided if industrial leaders had really understood what was really going on. It is now believed, we are told, "that the world is passing through a second industrial revolution, involving all sorts of maladjustments of business and of public welfare."

It seems that a comparatively small endowment, the Twentieth Century Fund, has been devoting itself to economic research, and has listed in order of importance what seem to be the eight underlying dangers in our present economic development. As the writer for Ernst and Ernst reprints the list:

1. War. One of the central economic problems of all industrial nations is to eliminate progressively the economic rivalries and frictions which are chief among causes of war.
2. Waste in distribution. Production machinery has been highly perfected, but wastes and inefficiencies in marketing and selling have gone far toward canceling the savings in production.
3. Unemployment. Labor-saving devices and methods are responsible for technological unemployment, which helps to make acute social problems when even slight business recessions occur.
4. Stock-market cycles. Much thought has been given business cycles, but very little has been done to study the wide swings of stock-market cycles which cause so much economic disturbance.
5. Wastes in corporate finance. Mergers and combinations are suspected of having been unsoundly arranged, and financed in many instances, and of being potential sources of danger in the future.
6. Uneven application of science to industry. Certain industries, notably agriculture, textiles, housing, and coal-mining, are considered notoriously backward in application of modern technique of large-scale machine operations, and this is considered a threat against the prosperity of other industries.
7. Consumer credit. The average man without bank collateral is conceived to have as much economic right as business

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firms to borrow to tide over the crises of life. Through small loans and instalment sales, consumer credit is now nearly $7,000,000,000, but the demand still outruns the supply, and often costs are high, so that investigation and regulation are considered desirable.

8. High cost of medical care. It is maintained that medical service has not yet been organized, as have other services, so that it can be bought and paid for easily by the average man, and this is considered a drawback to economic stability.

These points are suggestive of how far the world has yet to go to perfect the organization of society to a position comparable to the technical and scientific organization of industry.

They also suggest how important questions, being "every one's business," must receive attention through philanthropical funds and foundations.

Too Much Patriotism in Production

THE next world conference on international business or finance ought to take up just one topic, insists *The Wall Street Journal*, namely, "a universal purblind nationalism in commodity production."

The New York paper has plenty of names for this state of affairs—"national self-sufficiency," "productive self-sufficiency," "economic nationalism."

The idea thus variously exprest is declared to be a survival of war-time modes of thought. *The Wall Street Journal* objects to it because in its various forms it has been a factor in recent harmful overproduction, and in spite of the depression in most industrial countries, statesmen and business leaders, we are told, do not understand the trouble it is causing. For example, we read:

> In the face of excessive and wasteful production of oil, Germany, France, and Italy are seeking the opening or developing of fields through which they may hope to obtain their supplies under their own respective political controls.
>
> Russia is another case in point; for reasons well understood it must be put in a slightly different category as to motives, tho not as to results.
>
> The British, despite their ancient predilection for fair play and free trade, have been discussing means of encouraging Canada to raise more wheat in order to displace that of other exporting countries in world markets. They are even now guilty of subsidizing by several millions a year the expensive home production of sugar, helping thus to ruin sugar plantations in the British West Indies and contributing their mite to Cuba's distress.
>
> This is quite as bad as our own increase in the tariff on sugar, which is in effect a subsidy to the sugar industry of Hawaii and the Philippines, which needs nothing of the sort.
>
> An economically self-contained nation, be it a Balkan monarchy or a far-flung empire, is to-day an impossibility. At the moment the United States might be expected to achieve such a status if any nation could, but it can not hope to do so for all its wealth and area, unless it wishes its civilization to recede to that of the Civil War period.

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Railroads
Atchison, Top. & Santa Fe
Illinois Central
Louisville & Nashville
New York Central
Pennsylvania Railroad
Southern Pacific
Union Pacific

Oils
Standard Oil of California
Standard Oil of Indiana
Standard Oil (New Jersey)
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Mass Buying to End Poverty

MASS consumption is exciting Mr. H. G. Wells. It is the idea that "we might buy for all instead of each individual buying scraps for himself."

Mr. Wells outlined his views at a London dinner not long ago, at which Bernard Shaw and Albert Einstein were also speakers.

On this occasion, in contrast to Shaw's playfulness, the British novelist was deadly serious. He thinks he has a solution for both the present temporary depression and much of the poverty which is "always with us."

If we can "buy battle-ships on the community plan," Mr. Wells does not see why "we can not buy hotels, perfectly equipped houses and boots and shoes for most of the people of the world in the same way." In his opinion, "collectively we can buy everything that we collectively produce."

To quote a few paragraphs from the speech of this professional deviser of Utopias, as printed in the New York *Herald Tribune:*

While I am talking to you, there are scores of thousands of people living in nasty old tumbledown houses without proper windows, houses ten times older than the oldest automobile.

There are also second-hand houses that have been put up piecemeal, floor by floor, and room by room. Most of the people who live in them are badly in need of food, and they buy their clothes bit by bit.

Why shouldn't we as a community take these people, whether they like it or not, and buy for them better houses, better clothing, better food?

We can afford it. They should live in the best, and we can produce the best.

I do not believe that the world which has produced the Ford factories will not produce parallel mass methods on the consuming side. I am sure that by the time of our grandchildren this problem also will be solved.

What sort of effects will the world of our grandchildren be sharing?

If you look at the average contemporary town you will see it is still in a frightful, stale, dingy, old-fashioned condition.

There is always some little piecemeal change going on.

There is a house here or a house there being rebuilt, or a road torn up.

Why shouldn't we have a new town as well as new houses? You can not go 100 yards from where you are without seeing houses that should be cleared away. You can not walk any distance without seeing people wearing clothes that ought to make you feel uncomfortable.

Engineers and architects will tell you that people ought to live in houses that are up-to-date. They have the plans to suit most any city perfectly. They even have the plans for the roads. They have the materials and the thousand devices to make these things possible. They have the ways and means to make a town up to date.

The textile people will tell you of the most delightful gowns they could supply, if only the people would buy and wear them.

My generation is going to die before our present-day possibilities of peace are used. Our grandchildren will find out how to buy homes as we buy battleships, and there will be little houses and cities even more adapted to the ways of the world than we are living in to-day.

They will have all the abundant delightful food that could be grown to-day that we can not use, because we do not know how to distribute it.

Business Merely "On a Vacation"

A CHEERFUL way of looking at the much-talked-of depression is that of the editor of *The Textile Colorist* (New York), who simply says that business is "on a vacation."

There is something human about business, thinks this writer.

When a man is tired, brain-fagged, unable to concentrate, he just "gives his overworked machinery a rest," and then comes back to tackle his job again with new energy. And it's the same way with business, we read:

It expends its energies in a frantic effort to advance, it tires itself in an attempt to improve, frequently against insurmountable obstacles, and then collapses through complete exhaustion.

Business, the results of man's efforts, can no more continue indefinitely under high pressure than can man himself. It must have a period of rest—a vacation in order to recuperate—and these periods we inadvisably call depressions.

There has never been a business quiescence that has not been followed by a business impetus, and thus, it follows the results of the vacation of an individual.

Business needed a rest.

Seldom has it been driven to the extremes of endurance to which it was subjected last year.

It had not completely recovered from its exhaustion due to the demands of war when the revamping of the world subjected it to new and tiring efforts.

Man, in his frantic efforts to attain a position above that of his fellow men, built business pinnacles beyond the height of safety. He forced the wheels of production without regard to their lubrication, as measured by demand. He fired his boilers beyond their constructive capacity. He neglected to care for his plant machinery in his efforts to obtain financial supremacy.

During this period, the business man lost sight of the consumption capacity of his industry. He failed to install a safety-valve of actual demands. Business became tired, and needed a vacation and a rest.

Business is not deprest, it is simply recuperating in order that it may again take up its activities with new and increased energy.

As business men return with greater mental and physical strength, business will show the beneficial results of their and its vacation, and the wheels of production and commerce will again produce business and happiness.

OF course, we are told, this doesn't mean that business men whould simply sit and wait for business to return. They should be actively planning "to meet the business prosperity that will follow the return of business from its vacation." And so—

Extend a welcome to business as it returns from its well-deserved and necessary vacation.

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for DECEMBER 27, 1930

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CURRENT EVENTS

Foreign

December 10.—In his speech accepting the Nobel Peace Prize for 1929 in the presence of King Haakon and Crown Prince Olaf of Norway, Frank B. Kellogg, former United States Secretary of State, attributes the current war talk to the economic depression and to the dissatisfaction and agitation which follow wars, and says that civilization can not survive another world war.

Senator Pierre Laval abandons the task of trying to form a new French Cabinet.

Communism is reported spreading rapidly in southeastern Honan Province, China, with orgies of slaying, looting, and burning.

December 11.—President Machado suspends constitutional guaranties throughout Cuba, following increased outbreaks by students.

December 12.—In accepting the Nobel Prize for Literature, Sinclair Lewis criticizes the American Academy of Arts and Letters as being unrepresentative of all that is vigorous and original in American letters, and says that American literature is still suffering from the "stuffy domesticity" of earlier generations.

The garrison at Jaca, Spain, near the French border, revolts and imprisons its officers in the fort.

Martial law is declared in Canton, China, as the result of Red disorders in the northern part of Kwangtung Province.

The Italian Chamber of Deputies passes a measure canceling September 20, the anniversary of the taking of Rome from the Papal power in 1870, as a holiday, and substituting for it February 11, the anniversary of the signing of the Lateran treaties, which mark the reconciliation between Church and State in Italy.

December 13.—Spanish government troops suppress the revolt at Jaca, and take prisoner the entire garrison of 500 officers and men.

December 14.—Two leaders of the Jaca rebellion are executed by a firing squad, and four other officers implicated in the revolt are condemned to life imprisonment.

Chinese Communists are reported to have slaughtered the inhabitants of Lichow and Tsingshih, Hunan Province.

December 15.—Premier Berenguer proclaims martial law throughout Spain, after a new republican movement is attempted.

The Belgian Court of Appeals reverses the decision of the lower court which had ordered Whitney Warren's inscription, "Destroyed by German fury; restored by American generosity," to be placed on the Louvain Library balustrade.

December 16.—Strikes continue throughout Spain, but under martial law and a strict censorship the revolutionary movement is officially reported well under control.

Domestic

December 10.—Miss Ruth Nichols of Rye, New York, establishes a new transcontinental record for women by flying from Los Angeles to Roosevelt Field, Long Island, with a stop at Wichita, in thirteen hours and 22 minutes, more than an hour less than the flying time of Colonel and Mrs. Lindbergh last April, and within two hours of the flying time of Capt. Frank M. Hawks.

Dr. James M. Doran, chief of the Industrial Alcohol Bureau of the Treasury Department, announces that a non-poisonous petroleum product hereafter will be used to denature industrial alcohol.

President Hoover submits the World Court protocols to the Senate.

December 11.—Secretary of Labor William M. Doak says that the Department will undertake a thorough investigation of alien gang leaders, with a view to their deportation.

No "spectacular stunts" will be indulged in by Prohibition agents during the holiday season, but effort will be concentrated on large-scale sellers of liquor, announces Director of Prohibition Enforcement Amos W. Woodcock.

The Bank of United States, a commercial bank with sixty offices in New York City, closes its doors and places its affairs in the hands of the State Banking Department.

The Senate passes the $110,000,000 House bill for emergency unemployment relief, but adds $8,000,000 to the fund and deletes the section giving to the President the authority to allocate the funds provided.

Chairman Hawley of the House Ways and Means Committee introduces, at the request of Secretary Mellon, a joint resolution to authorize corporations to deduct contributions to unemployment relief and other charities in computing their income taxes during the period from July 1, 1930, to June 30, 1931.

Senator Swanson of Virginia, senior Democratic member of the Committee on Foreign Relations, and an advocate of American membership in the World Court, says that because of the pressure of business consideration of the World Court protocols should be postponed until the next regular session of Congress.

December 13.—Prof. Albert Einstein receives the keys of the city of New York from Mayor Walker.

The Army defeats the Navy, 6-0, in the game played in New York for the Salvation Army fund for the unemployed.

December 16.—United States Judge William Clark, sitting in Newark, New Jersey, hands down a decision in which he holds that the Eighteenth Amendment is invalid, on the ground that it should have been ratified by conventions instead of by State Legislatures.

Senate party leaders agree that the protocols providing for the entrance of the United States into the World Court shall not be reported from committee during the present session.

Noble Self-Denial.—TEACHER—"How many of you children want to go to heaven?"

Children all raise their hands but Johnny.

TEACHER—"But, Johnny, don't you want to go to heaven?"

JOHNNY—"My mother told me to come right home after school."—*Christian Advocate.*

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THE LEXICOGRAPHER'S EASY CHAIR

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

To decide questions concerning the correct use of words for this column, the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

Readers who require immediate attention will receive it if they enclose a stamped return envelop. No notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

down; up to.—"L. D.," New York City.—*Down*, as defined by English dictionaries, signifies "down from the center or chief terminus: in Great Britain, from London." Also, "in a place or a locality which is considered as lower; at a distance from the capital," so we have "He was to be *down at* Portsmouth in a few days." "The gentleman lived *down in* Hampshire."

The idea that "up to" is used only where the capital is involved is like a sieve—it does not hold water. Why? Because "up to," meaning "in the direction of" or "so as to reach or arrive at a particular place," has been used indiscriminately without consideration of capital. For example, in 1516, Lodge in the "Illustrated British History," published in 1791, quotes a speaker of Henry the VIII.'s time: "If I should go *up to* London the next term"; but, Abigail Adams in her "Familiar Letters," written in 1774, wrote: "Mrs. Hill's father had some thoughts of removing *up to* Braintree"; Cardinal John Henry Newman, who was a model of correct writing, used "*Going up* to Oxford to study" in 1821. In English time-tables, the following is used: "from and to London; from and for London." If one were in Glasgow or Edinburgh, one would say "down to London" rather than "up to London," but if one were in Eastbourne or Brighton, or Plymouth or Portsmouth, one would go "up to London." That is based upon the geographical position and the relation of one town to another.

It would appear that one also goes "up to a university," and "down" when one leaves it, so that university towns appear to rank the same as the capital. But perhaps it is much more common to say "I am going *to* Washington" than "I am going *down to* Washington."

human electron.—"D. B.," New York City.—When President Hoover made use of the sentence that you submit, he had in mind a figurative use of the language and is justified by the entire realm of classic English literature.

The word *human* means "characteristic of man, or of the nature of man or woman as distinguished from God or superhuman beings." The President's use of "human electrons" was perfectly sound, for an *electron* is a corpuscle, and as the parent term is *corpus*, "body," when he referred to children as "cheerful human electrons radiating joy and mischief and hope and faith," he did something that will stand against the assaults of every carping critic.

The trouble with your friend is that he does not know what it is to be a child. If he did he would have felt the spirit of the President's words as he may feel the spirit of Francis Thompson's words on the same subject: "Do you know what it is to be a child? It is to be something very different from the man of to-day. It is to have a spirit yet streaming from the waters of baptism; it is to believe in love, to believe in loveliness, to believe in beliefs; it is to be so little that the elves can reach up to whisper in your ear; it is to turn pumpkins into coaches and mice into horses, lowliness into loftiness, and nothing into everything, for each child has its fairy godmother in its own soul; it is to live in a nutshell and count yourself the king of infinite space; it is

> To see a world in a grain of sand,
> And a heaven in a wild flower;
> Hold infinity in the palm of your hand
> And eternity in an hour.

It is not to know as yet that you are under sentence of life, nor petition that it be commuted into death."

Our President's description of children was equally beautiful when he said: "Theirs is the province of joy and good humor. They are the most wholesome part of the race, the sweetest, for they are fresher from the hands of God. Whimsical, ingenious, mischievous, we live a life of apprehension as to what their opinion may be of us; a life of defense against their terrifying energy; we put them to bed with a sense of relief and a lingering of devotion. We envy them the freshness of adventure and discovery of life; we mourn over the disappointments they will meet."

Your friend may hold that an *electron* defies description or exact definition, but his premises are wrong, as has been shown above. An *electron* is a *corpuscle* and a corpuscle is "a protoplasmic granule of distinct shape that fulfils a specific function," and in anatomy, "a minute body."

There allow the Lexicographer to leave the subject, for "one who complies against his will is of the same opinion still."

it; whoopee.—"W. W.," New York City.—Some years before the war, the newspaper press carried a dispatch in which King George V., when Prince of Wales, was credited with having said, "Wake up, England! You have been asleep too long." These words apply fittingly to the columnist who, on November 26, announced that "it," as associated with personality, had not received the attention of the "dictionary racketeers," but the fact remains that, at the instance of a brilliant and learned journalist, Maurice McLoughlin of the "Brooklyn Eagle," the term "it," in all its phases, including that associated with personality, received treatment at the hands of one "dictionary racketeer as long ago as October 10, 1925. At that time the writer went as far as it was necessary to explain that the term is one of a number of figures of speech, which is substituted for a less offensive, and more agreeable but not more accurate, term expressing what is meant. The euphemist argues that "it" in such connotation designates a certain influence exerted by one member of a sex upon another, and the Man with the Muckrake, "who robs the literary garbage cans on their way to the dump," as Ambrose Bierce expressed it, associates the word "it" with the monosyllable of heterodox speech. *It* is often used vaguely for a thing left to the imagination.

When the Lexicographer must blush for the ignorance of the learned editors of daily columns and daily papers, naturally his face does turn red. He does not know who told these gentlemen that "whoopee" was *coined* by Shakespeare, for he does know that the word was used by Palsgrave, one of Henry VIII.'s chaplains, thirty-four years before Shakespeare was born. The word has been found in the manuscript of a Marco play, "Mankind," that was written about 1450. There it was spelled "whope!" This use antedates the introduction of printing in England by twenty years, and William Shakespeare by one hundred and fourteen.

Lysistrata.—"D. C. E.," Tulsa, Okla.—*Lysistrata* is a female character in a comedy written by Aristophanes which was presented in the year 411 B. C in Greece, and concerns the Athenians waging a disastrous war against the Spartans. The army of Nicias had been routed in Sicily. Alcibiades, exiled, took refuge in Sparta, and sought vengeance against his country by giving the Spartans advice which they took, and which made peace absolutely necessary. The scene moves to Athens: A woman, Lysistrata, aims to compel the Lacedemonians and the Athenians to listen to her, and so she musters together all the women of Attica and the principal Greek cities, and makes them swear that they will not consort with their husbands until the conclusion of peace. The women seize the citadel. The men face a complicated problem; Lysistrata maintains discipline with great difficulty. Then follow pourparlers and negotiations that lead to an adjustment of the situation. Sparta and Athens negotiate a treaty. The gates of the citadel are opened, each husband finds his mate, and in the festivities and dances that follow, the Greeks forget their long enmity. The comedy is unprecedented for its freedom, but it is full of spirit and buffoonery.

The story of Lysistrata furnished Maurice Donnay, the French dramatist, with a theme around which he wrote a modernized amusing fantasy of bright, light comedy, that was staged at the Grand-Théâtre in Paris in 1892. To add raciness to the theme, Donnay caused Lysistrata to be the first woman to break the rule she herself had imposed. The agitation over this comedy sprung from the common knowledge that it was written by a Greek who did not rise above the wantonness of his age.

The pronunciation of *Lysistrata* has been variously rendered in different parts of the country—*Li-sy'stray-ter; Li-sy'strah-ter; Ly-sis'tray-ter; Ly'-sis-trah-ta;* but, the man who knows uses *Ly-sis'tra-ta*—both *a's* as the *a* in *sofa*.

marquise.—"N. L. S.," New York City.—This word is always pronounced *mar''kiz'*—*a* as in *artistic*, *i* as in *police*—whether it be English or French, singular or plural, and the spelling is always the same. It is a French word not yet Anglicized, and so retains its French form in spelling and pronunciation.

ravel; unravel.—"H. C. C.," Vineland, N. J.—A *ravel* is a loose bit of thread, or a thread that itself is *unraveled*. It also designates a tangle; hence, confusion. To *ravel* is (1) to entangle or mix up confusedly, or (2) to *unravel* (as the loops in knitting). To *unravel* is to take out of a raveled or tangled state by disentangling; hence, to free from confusion. But *ravel* and *unravel* are now synonymous terms. This confusion is the result of misusage now established. The meanings of *ravel* date from 1582. The meanings of *unravel* date from the 17th century.

rococo.—"A. S.," Sidney, N. Y.—This word means: "A style of decoration distinguished by a profusion of meaningless but often delicately executed ornaments in imitation of rockwork, shells, foliage, and scrolls massed together: prevalent in Europe during the 17th and 18th centuries; hence, anything that is eccentric, quaint, tasteless, or odd in art or literature." It is pronounced *ro-ko'ko*—first and third *o's* as in *obey*, second *o* as in *go;* the *c's* pronounced as *k*.

San Michele.—"A. W. C.," Springfield, Mass.—From the spelling given, this name is Italian, and is pronounced *san* (*a* as in *art*) *mi-ke'le* (*i* as in *police*, *e's* as in *prey*).

subsidence.—"J. W. B.," Johnstown, Pa.—This word is pronounced either *sub-sai'dens*—*u* as in *but*, *ai* as in *aisle*, and *e* as in *get;* or *sub'si-dens*—*u* as in *but*, *i* as in *habit*, and *e* as in *get*. The first pronunciation given is the preferred form.

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THE SPICE OF LIFE

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

Like the Rest of Us.—WIFEY—"There's an old clothes man at the door."

HUBBY—"Tell him I've got all I need."—*Judge.*

Has Been.—SAM—"What am you doing now?"

BO—"I'se an exporter."

SAM—"An exporter!"

BO—"Yep, the Pullman Company just fired me."—*Yellow Crab.*

Making Time Fly.—O.—"I hear the men are striking."

K.—"What for?"

O.—"Shorter hours."

K.—"Luck to 'em. I always did think sixty minutes was too long for an hour."—*Carolina Buccaneer.*

Agile Bossy.—FIRST AG STUDE—"What part of a cow do the chops come from?"

SECOND AG STUDE—"Don't you know?"

FIRST—"Do you?"

SECOND—"Haven't you ever heard of a cow licking its chops?"—*Siren.*

I-z-z-zat S-s-s-so?—THEATER ATTENDANT—"I shall have to ask you to leave if you persist in hissing the performers, sir."

SMITHERS—"Hissing! I w-w-wass-s-simply s-s-saying that the s-s-singing was s-s-superb."—*Ipswich Star.*

So Are Depositors.—"Aren't these bank tellers bothered by drafts in such a big room?"

"Mostly overdrafts."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Tramp, Tramp, Tramp!—HE—"Ah, it certainly does seem good to be dancing."

SHE—"Yes, I suppose there's nothing like the feel of a good toe under your foot again."—*Film Fun.*

Perfect Harmony.—"Daughter," said the father sternly, "I don't like that young man you go out with."

"Yeah?" retorted daughter. "Well, don't worry, you're simply poison to him, too."—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

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"Pardon me, madame—I was wearing that shirt!"
—"Life."

Slips That Pass in the Night

Relatively Funny.—Frau Einstein burst into a peel of laughter.—*New York Sun.*

Press the Button.—Hartz Mt. canaries, $2.45. We bought entire output of factory.—*Philadelphia Record.*

We've Heard That Kind.—One long tale will accommodate the guests during the serving hour.—*Springfield (Mo.) Leader.*

Page Senator Borah.—Washington.—The bureau of fisheries has successfully transplanted Idaho.—*Fort Smith (Ark.) Southwest American.*

Idea for Weddings.—He testified the older man had attacked him, firing three shoes from a pistol.—*San Angelo (Texas) paper.*

Join the S. P. C. A.—"And the first thing he did was to rescue Lucy Grant's dog and promptly fall in love with her."—*American Magazine.*

Many Are.—At Grant City they had a turkey dinner and bobbed for cranberries. R. J. B. led the march and H. R. was rum major of a band of thirty-five pieces.—*New York Herald Tribune.*

Prize Stepfather.—"Mummy, do you love me?"

"Of course."

"Then why not divorce daddy and marry the man at the sweetshop?"—*Der Lustige Sachse (Leipzig).*

Oh, See the Pretty Stars!—SHAW—"How's business with you, old man?"

PSHAW—"Oh, lookin' up."

SHAW—"What do you mean, lookin' up?"

PSHAW—"Well, it's flat on its back, isn't it?"—*Pathfinder.*

You Can't Win!—An uplift worker, visiting a prison, was much imprest by the melancholy attitude of one man she found.

"My poor man," she sympathized, "what is the length of your term?"

"Depends on politics, lady," replied the melancholy one. "I'm the warden."—*Border Cities Star.*

Closed Season.—An old contributor to our neighbor, *The Inquirer* (London), writes: "The correspondence about closed churches always brings to my mind the story of the church over the porch of which was carved 'This is the Gate of Heaven,' and underneath was the notice, 'No admittance during the summer months.'"—*Christian Register.*

Honk! Honk!—DRIVER—"I wasn't going forty miles an hour, nor thirty, nor even twenty."

JUDGE—"Here, steady now, or you'll be backing into something!"—*Rammer-Jammer.*

Now for a Hot Comeback.—MRS. NEWLYWED—"I'm sorry, dear, but dinner is a little burnt to-night."

MR. NEWLYWED—"What? Did they have a fire at the delicatessen to-day?"—*Pathfinder.*

Silence With a Kick.—"Every time my wife hears a noise at night she thinks it's burglars and wakes me up."

"But burglars don't make any noise."

"So I told her. So now she wakes me up when she doesn't hear anything!"—*Bystander (London).*

Knew His Riots.—Hollywood. They tell this story about William Tibbett, famous Western sheriff and father of Lawrence Tibbett, singing star. A riot broke out in a small town called Kern City, and the local constable wired Tibbett to send aid. In a short time Tibbett arrived.

"What?" said the constable, "just you, only one man?"

"Well," answered Tibbett, "there's only one riot, isn't there?"—*New York Morning Telegraph.*

Community Kid.—Friends of Mr. and Mrs. S. F. are parents of a seven and a half pound baby boy born last week.—*Oroville (Calif.) paper.*

What's Home Without Handy Man?—HANDY MAN exchange for comfortable home. Lafayette 3934-R.—*Ad in the Detroit Free Press.*

Everybody's Doing It.—
HOOVER READY
TO TAKE HAND IN
RACKETEERING
—*Dallas Dispatch.*

Well, Were They?—WANTED—Information about Nathan R., who lived in Canajoharie in 1790 with a family consisting of himself and three females, who were his parents?—*Canajoharie (N. Y.) Courier.*

Doggone Cheap.—Mrs. Housewife, don't be fooled by dealer who advertises poultry as fresh killed, that is only a trade name. Buy live poultry or have them drest to order. We offer all home-grown young stock at the following prices:

Fancy turkey	lb. 42c
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—*East Mauch Chunk paper.*

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